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THE KAFIR, THE HOTTENTOT, AND THE
FRONTIER FARMER.

P A S S A G E S
OF
MISSIONARY LIFE

FROM
The Journals
OF THE
VENERABLE ARCHDEACON MERRIMAN.
=

THIRD THOUSAND.

LONDON :
GEORGE BELL, 186, FLEET STREET.
1854.

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Harvard College Library
July 1, 1914.
Bequest of
Georgina Lowell Putnam

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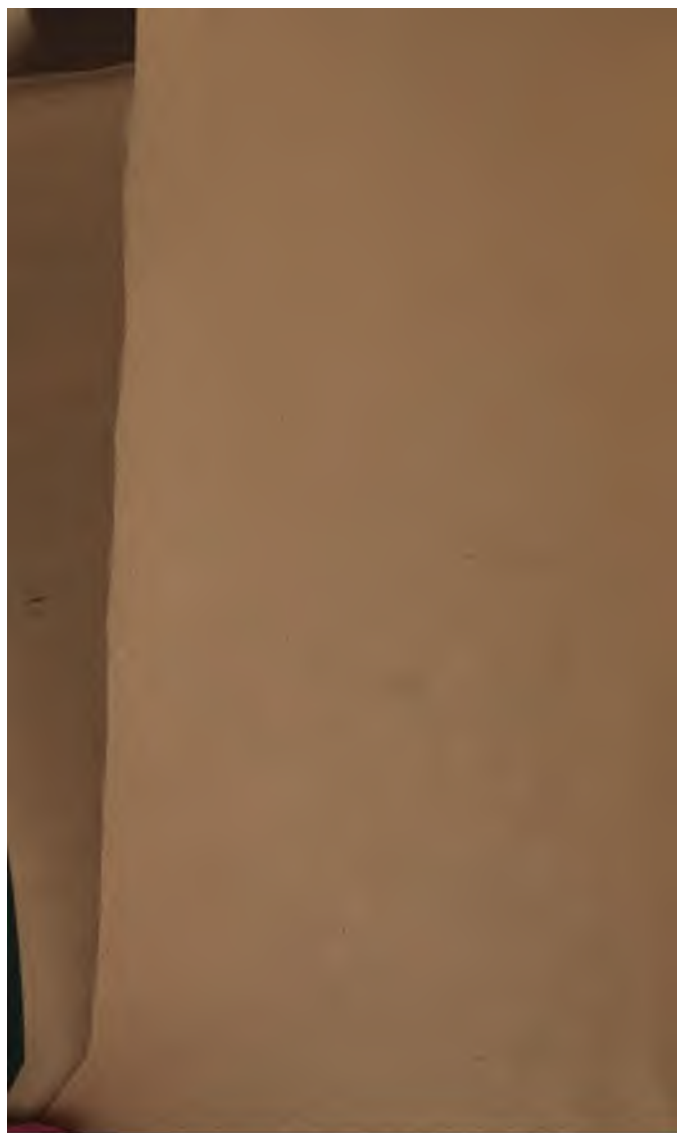
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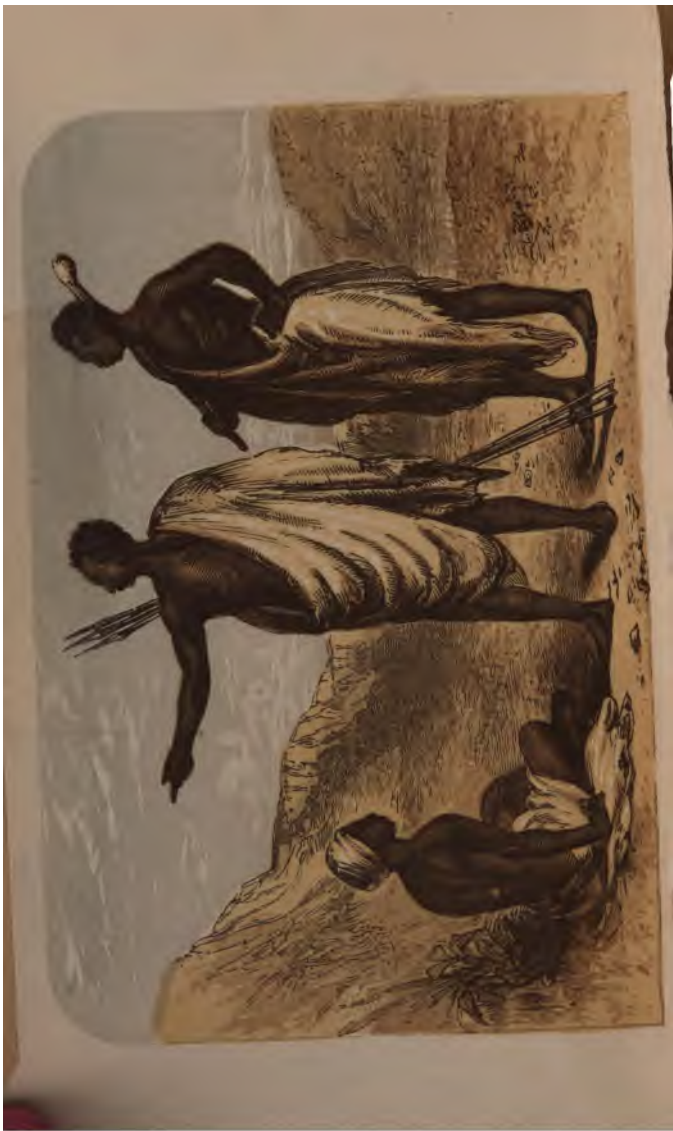
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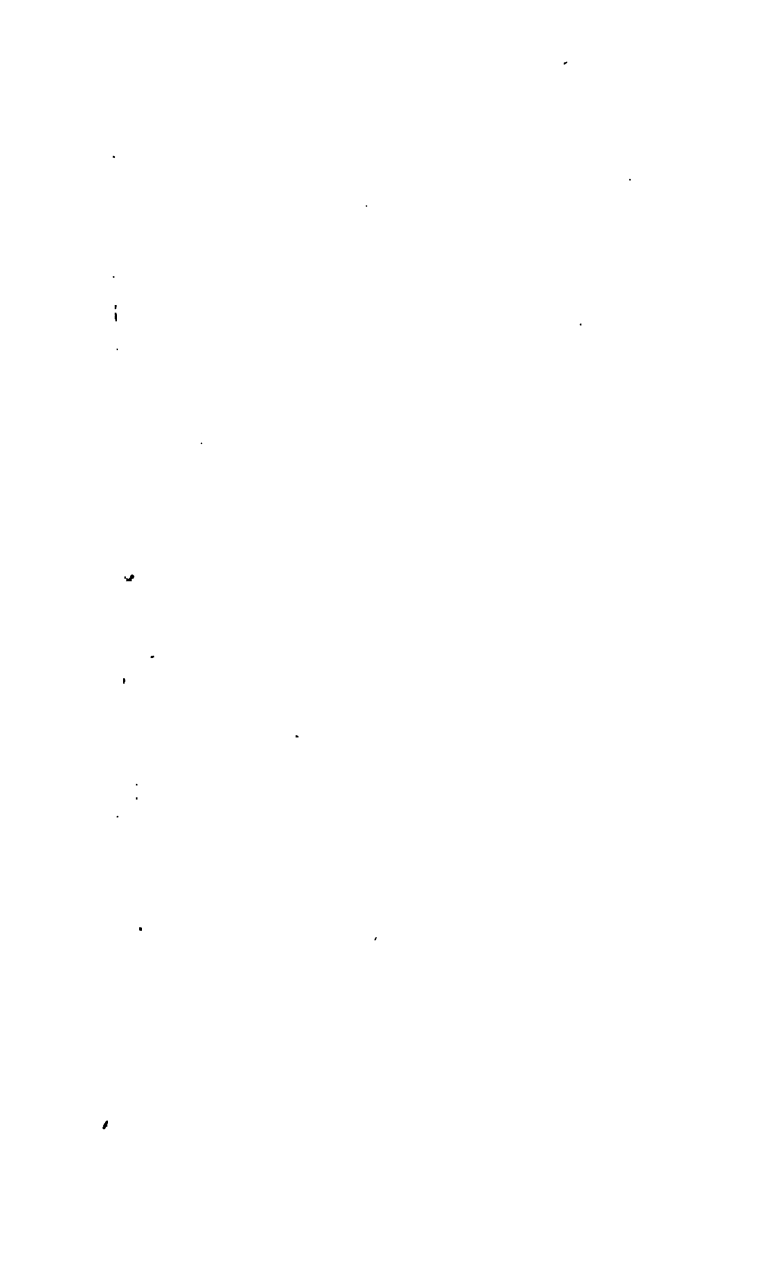
the concurrence of his family), because he believes that they will serve to interest many in the early struggles of the Church in South Africa, by exhibiting the deplorable condition of that country, in which it has recently been planted, and the difficulties by which it is surrounded; and by setting before those who are living at ease in England the daily life of one of the most heroic, self-denying, and devoted of the sons of the English Church, who has learnt, if any in these days, how to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and to obey that injunction of his Lord, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Is it too much to hope that the perusal of what this man of God is content to bear for Christ's sake, may stir the hearts and minds of some earnest spirits amongst our younger Clergy, and lead them to offer themselves for the work of the conversion of the Kafir tribes? It is a sad reproach to us, that up to this hour no Mission of the Church of England has been planted amongst them. One Clergyman of our Church is indeed prepared to give up home, and

prospects, and preferment, for this work. Are there none amongst us willing to follow his example?

Wherever Archdeacon Merriman is known, he cannot fail to be appreciated. His entire self-forgetfulness and tender consideration for others,—his frankness and straightforwardness,—his lighthearted cheerfulness and simplicity of character,—his frugal yet generous hospitality,—his energy, decision, determination,—have won for him the respect and admiration of many in the land of his adoption. If they who have been witnesses of his zeal, ardour, and devotion in his Master's cause, are not themselves elevated in tone and feeling by their intercourse with such a man, they will have much to answer for.

It remains only to observe, that if any, from the perusal of these Journals, should be moved to desire to help forward the work in which the Archdeacon is more immediately engaged, they can do so by contributing, at the Office of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*, 79, Pall Mall, to the ALBANY FUND, which is entirely at his disposal.

The Archdeacon's income is itself an uncertain one; and there is no endowment for his office. Indeed, no small part of the interest of these Journals is owing to his poverty. Had he been a richer man, he would not have travelled as he has done.



THE KAFIR, THE HOTTENTOT,

AND THE

FRONTIER FARMER:

PASSAGES FROM

THE JOURNALS OF ARCHDEACON MERRIMAN, &c.

January 1st, 1850. GRAHAMSTOWN.—The Clergy of the Eastern Province were summoned by a circular letter; and we met, as many of us as was practicable, on this day, the Feast of the Circumcision. After Divine Service, and partaking of the Holy Communion, in which several of the laity joined with us, we proceeded to the archdeaconry, and partook of a cold collation; after which, prayers being said, we proceeded to the discussion of the subjects we had before mutually agreed upon: 1. Parochial government; 2. The Occasional Services; 3. Missions. Our friendly discussion and interchange of opinion was far more valuable and important perhaps than any actual conclusions we came to. The following resolutions, however, were passed, there being present,—

The Archdeacon of GRAHAMSTOWN.

Rev. F. McCLELAND . . . Port Elizabeth.

Rev. J. HEAVISIDE . . . Grahamstown.

Rev. G. THOMPSON . . . Ditto.

Rev. J. BARROW . . . Bathurst.

Rev. W. LONG . . . Graaf Reinet.

Rev. E. WILLSHERE . . . Fort Beaufort.

Rev. JOS. WILSON . . . Winterberg.

Rev. T. HENCHMAN . . . Sidbury.

Mr. H. T. WATERS, Catechist at Southwell.

1. That the qualification for those who should vote for churchwardens, named in the Bishop's instructions to the parishioners of Simonstown, is well suited to our parishes at the present time; with the exception of the clause relating to the time when the qualification may be altered, "until," &c. That the churchwardens should be chosen at Easter, and none ought to be admitted who had not communicated during the year preceding.

2. It was thought best to celebrate public baptism in the congregation on certain fixed occasions, especially at the three great Festivals; to admit parents as sponsors, when other people cannot be procured.

3. It was resolved, that the Clergy assembled would undertake to raise 100*l.* a-year, to form a Mission Fund, and to beg the Bishop as soon as possible to decide on the means of at once establishing a Mission in some part of Kafir-land. It was undertaken that the parishes

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easily have reached King William's Town, but the rain set in in the morning, just as we had off-saddled for breakfast on the banks of the Tamaka; so we pitched our tent, and had to remain all that day and night in the same spot, the rain falling heavily most of the time. I was far from regretting the detention, when I found the opportunity it gave me of conversing with several Kafirs, who came to visit us at our tent. We purchased plenty of their sour milk, of which we soon became very fond. Many of them expressed a wish to have a Missionary among them, at the same time mixing it up with complaints against the English for having driven them beyond the Keiskamma.

This gave me an opportunity of pointing out how they must begin by living up to the light which they had, and keep God's commandments, "Thou shalt not steal;" "Thou shalt not kill;" "Thou shalt not covet," and the like; telling them the English could not live with a nation of professed thieves dwelling amongst them. The Kafirs might have been inhabiting freely to the Fish River, and beyond it, if they had kept their hands from their white neighbours' cattle. The English in self-defence, had restricted them to their present bounds. God would not allow teachers to remain among them unless they learned these first elements of his *law*. *They had driven out their former Mis-*

sionaries, and burnt their stations when war arose, and now they must suffer a famine of the word of God.

I did not know while I was speaking that I was then sitting close to the spot where a former Missionary of the Wesleyans had been fairly driven out, before the war began, by the plundering habits of these Kafirs, who stripped him of everything. One man told me it was too hot for him to turn Christian; he must wear clothes if he did, and might not grease his body, or paint it with red clay. I found out that his wish for a Missionary was, that he might learn to make life more agreeable after his own way, by procuring some few things of European make which he wanted. And when I told him that Christianity did not consist in clothes, or the arts of life, he could scarcely comprehend the distinction, so unhappily had the Gospel been lowered in this land, and made to appear merely as a part and parcel of European civilization. He pointed to his children, and said, perhaps they might learn to be Christians, but he could not. After the others were gone, there came to our tent the headman of the adjoining kraals. It was raining hard. After exchanging a little conversation with my Kafir man, he said he must go; he should like to stay and talk to me, but it was too wet. He would not depart, *nevertheless*, without performing the old Kafir

habit of begging for a bit of tobacco, to which I replied by asking him if he did not know what God had said, repeating at the same time the Tenth Commandment in Kafir, and saying, "Nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his tobacco, nor anything that he hath." It led to an interesting conversation, in which my Kafir friend sat patiently for five hours in the rain, I being afraid to ask him inside my tent, lest I should never get rid of him. He went over much of the old ground, which the others had, about the English driving them over the river, &c.; but he told me he was very sorry for their former treatment of Mr. Kidd, the Wesleyan Missionary; that he did now try to keep God's law, had only one wife, and went on Sundays to Mount Coke station, fifteen miles off, for instruction. I found he could say a good part of the Ten Commandments, and his letters. I told him I hoped God would send him a Missionary again at some future day. He disclaimed all participation in the burning of the Missionary stations during the war, and regretted it much. We became such good friends in this long conversation, that I was fairly put to the blush, when, on taking leave, he begged that I would come and take up my quarters for the night at his kraal; he thought I should be safer from the rain than in my tent. This I declined, as I had *my men with me*; but on sending them after-

wards to look for the horse, which strayed to this man's kraal, he sent me down another message, begging I would come up, and in the morning a present of sweet milk for my breakfast. Characteristically enough, the young messenger who brought it demanded a present, and indignantly claimed more when I gave him half a stick of tobacco. This was recalled to my mind when I heard from one of the Wesleyan Missionaries that poor Mr. Kidd had once received an ox as a present from the chief of the tribe, but it was the dearest he ever had in his life. Before striking our tent in the morning, my friend came down, not expecting to find us still there, but apparently much charmed when he did so. We had a little talk. On his admiring my kerie, a walking-stick, I proposed an exchange with him, which pleased him greatly; accordingly I took his, and cut out his name on it, MALL, as a remembrance, which delighted him, and we parted with mutual good wishes.

I must not forget to say that when my visitor was departed, and the men were gone to search for the horse, I heard a strange rattling among the tin pannikins in the tent, then a scuffling under the floor-cloth, which I made sure must be a serpent. Upon an investigation, I discovered a great water-crab, which I presently dispatched. Proceeding on our way to King William's Town, I killed *two large cobras*, within a mile of each

other. Having killed the first with Mall's kerie, I in vain urged my English servant to let fly at the second: he was afraid, so I had to follow the creature some way into the grass, where he had escaped while I was stimulating Jethro's courage. We soon came to a river, where we off-saddled, and I took a swim, but came out quickly, feeling something brush against my leg under the water. I came to my men, and sent Jethro with a pannikin, to fetch water to drink. He returned with a face of terror, saying he had seen the strangest beast, like a crocodile, with feet, only a little longer than his arm. It was a guano, a very ugly but harmless kind of Brobdignag water-lizard, probably the creature I had felt in the river, as it is full of them.

I met, as before, a kind reception at King William's Town from Major Bisset, and was hospitably entertained by Colonel Mackinnon—having made arrangements for laying the foundation-stone of the new church at King William's Town.

January 14th.—I set off by daylight on Monday morning for Wesleyville, in order to superintend the removal of the remains of Lieutenant Nash, which we brought up and deposited just previous to laying the foundation-stone, in the centre of the chancel of the intended church, towards the building of which his mother has contributed 800*l.* with the wish that the chancel

should be a memorial of her son. This removal not a little astonished the Kafirs, who never interfere with dead bodies but for the purposes of witchcraft, and who had been afraid to come within the walls of the ruined chapel in which Mr. Nash's remains lay. I saw one peeping through the window while the men were at work, and found their impression was that Mr. N.'s money was buried under his coffin, and that we were searching for it. I at last, by the persuasion of Mr. White, (the Wesleyan Missionary,) got the man to venture within the chapel walls, and presently the rest followed, and sat round the grave watching our proceedings. I was very glad of this, as they could get up no mysterious tales of "tresor trove" or other marvels.

January 16th.—As soon as the ceremony of laying the stone was over, on Wednesday, we started to cross the Amatola Mountains to Whittlesea and Shiloh, intending to return to Grahamstown that way, and hoping to visit the new Moravian station at Winfogel on my route. We should have saved ourselves much fatigue, and some time too, by going round the wagon road; but the beauties of the Amatolas and the sight of the fine forest of Pirie rewarded us, notwithstanding we had to scramble up a precipitous path, carrying the panniers, which the poor horse could no longer bear, through the

steep, rugged, and narrow pass in the forest, though one of the party had gone in front all the way with an axe to clear before us. At length he fell down, (the wisest thing he could do,) and we thought it time to unload him.

On Saturday morning our provisions were getting short, and we did not know where we were, or how far from our destination, (not having seen a human being the whole of the preceding day,) though it was a splendidly watered and fine grassy country, but too cold for Kafirs in the winter; when we fortunately fell in with a wagon coming from Whittlesea, the driver of which was very polite in supplying our necessities, giving us a meal cake and pieces of bil tongue, we gladly giving in exchange the remainder of our coffee. We were preparing our breakfast, when an apparition from the mountains greeted us—a Cape Corps officer, with an orderly behind him: I found it was Colonel Sutton, out upon a wild shooting expedition. I invited him to share our rude repast, and had an hour and a half very agreeable chat. On our departing, he gave me a brace of partridges, and offered to send us any quantity of buck, could he but tell where we should lodge that night. Indeed, neither he nor we knew where this was destined to be; for by following the misdirection of a Hottentot who was with the wagon, we doubled our distance to *Whittlesea*, and only arrived late that evening.

on the banks of the Zwart Kei river. Wilhelm's Kafir eyes soon perceived in the dark what Jethro and I looked for a long time in vain, though it was a welcome sight when we discovered it—a trader station, with a wagon and a horse. Of course we had nothing then to do but to spend the following day (Sunday) where we were. I was greatly shocked to find that neither of the Englishmen at this station had any idea that the next day was Sunday, though I afterwards learnt that some of the heathen around were aware of it. I sent word that I would come and hold service in the morning at the house, which offer they thankfully accepted.

When the time came, I saw Kafirs trooping up, with baskets of gum and mimosa bark and bundles of skins on their heads, to trade for beads, tobacco, blankets, and money. I was much pained, and sent a message that it must be put a stop to, or I would not hold service. They complied as far as they were able; and I heard, in their excuse, that the wagon had arrived unexpectedly the evening before with goods. At eleven o'clock I set out, and having tied my trowsers and drawers round my neck, and huddled my cassock round my waist, with Bible and Prayer-book under one arm, and in the other hand my long umzinbiti nob kerie, with shoes and socks fastened to the top, I waded the Zwart Kei. After prayers I spoke very plainly

and practically of the mode of keeping God's commandments, by men in their situation, and of lifting up a standard amongst the heathen. I repeated the same in the afternoon, dwelling then on the commandments relating to our neighbours, as I had in the morning on those towards God. At the conclusion of service I had some friendly chat with the men, and certainly left the place under the impression that they would endeavour to profit by my instructions, and that Sunday would not pass quite unobserved there again. The poor fellow on the station was a sailor, born at Portsmouth; had been to school, but on going aboard a man-of-war had soon forgot all his learning, and of course could not now read, though he could still repeat the Lord's Prayer (as he averred). I have regretted since that I did not hear him. On the whole, my providential mission to these two men was, perhaps, of far more importance than if I had reached Whittlesea by Sunday, as I hoped.

We fared sumptuously that day, having Colonel Sutton's partridges for breakfast, and a leg of venison (procured at the station) for dinner, with shallots and potatoes sent us as a present from our friend in the wagon. In addition to this, a huge basket of sour milk, with a cake baked in the embers, made us feast like *kings*, or at least like patriarchs. Both Jethro

and I became more knowing in our preparation of food in the bush, under our Kafir instructor. We roasted our own coffee, and ground it between two stones—baked our own cakes in embers on the ground—roasted our fresh meelies and other vegetables, if we chanced to get any, in the same way. A favourite dish was meal porridge with some of the portable soup (Lady J. Thynne's ship store) in it, and occasionally some pickles which we had with us stirred in.

I had some interesting conversation in the evening with the head of the adjoining kraal, Piet the brother of Mapassa, the chief of that division of Tambookies, who came to visit us. I was surprised to see him in European clothes, but learnt that he frequently went to the Moravian Missionary station at Shiloh, upwards of twenty miles' distance: that he would have gone that day but for the sickness of his wife. He knew it was Sunday, and said he remonstrated with his people about Sunday trading; but the traders were so unlike Missionaries, that he could not expect his people to adopt better ways with their example before them: (an answer I often got among the Tambookies was, that God had made the black man to serve Him one way, the white man in another.) I pointed out to Piet some marks of God's moral law stamped on the creation, to which he listened with much attention. As he knew the history

of the Fall, I dwelt on the serpent as the type of the double-tongued liar, with poison under his lips; then I told him of Christ's disciples being sheep, and all the illustrations about the wolf breaking into the fold or kraal, which strike so forcibly in this land. He sat up to talk it over with Wilhelm long after I retired to rest.

Monday we walked to Shiloh, and were heartily welcomed and truly refreshed by the good brethren there. I never wish to go twice (at least for the sake of learning anything) to the common Missionary stations, though the worthy Missionaries often lecture me there most abundantly. Indeed, with all their kindness, many of them cannot help showing me that they regard me as a benighted Churchman; but to Shiloh I am glad to go again and again, and learn something every time. The Moravians have so much more of the Church temper,—so much more self-control, humility, and unobtrusiveness, that I am always delighted with their society, and deeply interested in their work. On descending from the hill, we found their people busy with the wheat harvest, and a goodly sight it was to witness a population of 700 natives, two-thirds of them Kafirs, who had dug and planted, and were now reaping in so much produce, a spectacle which I think (as far as the cultivation of wheat by natives is concerned) cannot be matched elsewhere in South Africa.

It recalled such home scenes of allotment fields to Jethro and myself, that we thought it worth coming all the way to see.

Nor were we less interested with the numerous Scripture allusions that it spontaneously brought to our minds. They were threshing out on threshing-floors (not in barns). In one spot about twenty oxen, in another thirty calves were being driven round the floor, to stamp out the corn; the winnowing, by pouring out of baskets, was as primitive as the threshing; they were burning the chaff in heaps, a thing unnecessary in our moist climate and soil at home, where being thrown away, it will give little trouble; but at Shiloh, if not burnt, would have been a great nuisance to hundreds while drifting about in the wind. I saw a good exemplification, the next day, of not muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn, when I perceived in the fruit-garden, that the Brethren, besides paying those whom they employed in gathering and drying peaches for their table, allowed each to carry off a basketful for themselves every day. After our toilsome march, we found their fruit in especial very refreshing.

January 22d.—I performed Divine Service at Whittlesea at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning; and then, after breakfasting with Mr. Shepstone the Magistrate, who had kindly allowed me the use of his office, I returned to Shiloh,

which I quitted the same afternoon, carrying over my shoulders a basketful of peaches, which we gradually lightened as we went along, and entirely despatched the following day. Mr. Gysin accompanied me some miles on my road; he is one of the newly-appointed Missionaries on the Winfogel station. I found him with his wife at Shiloh, while Mr. Bonatz was gone to put the house in order at Winfogel.

Nothing remarkable occurred in our walk home, except that as we passed by the borders of the Kat River settlements (a Hottentot station which I hope to visit at leisure some day), we observed the tops of the meelies were eaten off; and on arriving at the Chamie Missionary station, learnt that a flight of locusts was on the way from the north, had devastated the Kat River settlement, and was passing on to the southern part of the colony. The following day, at the Fish River Bush, we came in with a large detachment of this ravaging army, and found on our return to Grahamstown, on Saturday, 26th January, that the scourge had lightly passed over that place without doing any considerable damage, and had departed towards their final destination, the sea. We have yet to learn, however, whether this advance guard will not be followed by a more numerous and rapacious host, which may God avert! We have *very reason to fear*, from the direction in which

I saw the wind drifting them, that the plague will be poured out upon the Kafir "heathen that have not known God, and the kingdoms that have not called upon His name;" and that the loss of their crops (for they have no wheat and early crops gathered in, but only the on-coming millet and maize), will drive them into stealing from the colony. Oh! that the colonists may prevent it, should it so fall out, by parting their bread to those who have none!

I found my family all well, but was disappointed to find that our peaches, which strewed the ground and weighed down the trees, could not be dried and housed, like the Moravians', from their all being attacked by worms inside, which complaint prevails all round this district. It is thus the fruits of the earth here, though produced in great abundance, are liable to frequent inroads of one kind of destruction or another; the wheat to rust, some crops to lady-birds, some to countless caterpillars; fruits to their various periodical diseases, and all to periodical visitations from the locusts. Nevertheless when God smites one part, He usually gives us abundance in other produce; and on the whole, as far as the fruits of the earth are concerned, this is a land of plenty, of luxury, and enjoyment. Had we any of us eaten as much fruit in England as we have done this summer here, I believe we should have been ill.

1850. *March 12th.* — Set off this day, in company with Mrs. Merriman, on horseback, for King William's Town, to arrange matters for the commencement of a church, and to open the way for planting a Mission among the Kafirs, as recommended in Colonel McKinnon's despatches. The heavy rains had delayed our starting for a day, and rendered it doubtful whether we could proceed; but getting the first evening to the Koonap, after crossing the Fish and Koonap Rivers, we were encouraged to proceed. However, the day following, on riding to the drift of the Kat River, near Botha's Post, we found it much swollen. After thrusting my horse as far as he was willing to go, the stream being very rapid as well as deep, I came out and off-saddled, and then took off my clothes, and waded in breast high; and finding even at that depth I could hardly stand for the rapidity of the current, I was thankful I had not urged my wife to follow my horse in the first attempt to cross, for she and her horse must have been swept away. We returned to Botha's Post, when the old farmer informed me that the river had risen suddenly since we rode by his house; and that if we had asked in passing, he should certainly have told us the Drift was fordable, and thus we should have probably put ourselves in much peril.

As rain threatened, he begged us to stop

with him, but we preferred enjoying each other's company; so, after sheltering ourselves in a bush till we began to get wet through, we had to proceed to Leno Fontein, where we were glad to hover over a fire for the rest of the evening, and could not start till the middle of the next day.

March 14th. — We soon proceeded to Fort Beaufort, across the Kat River by its only bridge; and after having the grief of riding twice through a large flight of locusts, which in the evening covered the ground and the low bushes, so as to obscure the grass, and sometimes the leaves of the lower Mimosa bushes, we arrived at the Rev. H. Beaver's, at Alice, Mrs. Merriman quite tired.

Next day we proceeded to Fort Cox, accompanied by Mr. Brownlee, the Kafir Commissioner for the Gaikas. I had much interesting conversation on Kafir matters. He had been to Fort Hare, to conduct the prosecution on the part of Government against a Kafir man, "Undai," for the murder of a young woman under the following circumstances, which, as an illustration of the Kafir character and usage, I insert.

Twenty-two years ago (about the time of Gaika's death), Undai was sick, and, according to the custom of the country, he consulted a witch doctor, or rather doctress. She cupped

him, (at this the natives are dexterous adepts,) but he got no better. The pain going from his head to his stomach, and settling there, he consulted another doctress, and she told him that the former doctress was the cause of his present illness; that she had carried away some of his blood on her hands, and had given it to a serpent, which serpent was the joint property of herself and her daughter. Undai forthwith resolved to murder them both; for he remembered the woman had not washed her hands after cupping him, and on his remarking it to her, she said it was of no consequence. He now dreamed several times that he saw the woman coming to him naked, with a serpent in her hands; and accordingly he watched his opportunity, though she eluded his vigilance for two years, till he caught her and her daughter sleeping at a kraal which he knew. He then murdered the mother, but being interrupted, only succeeded in wounding the daughter. Twenty years then elapsed, he still having occasional pains in his stomach, and never being able to fall in with the young woman, till at length he heard of her coming on a visit to a neighbouring kraal. He went up, assured himself of the fact of her being there, but expressed no enmity against her. Then returning home, he prepared an assegai (Kafir spear) for the purpose, and three days after came by

night, and almost severed her head from her body.

His spoor was tracked from the kraal; and when taken, he only gloried in it, and said, "he should die contented now she, 'Nobanda,' (her name,) had been killed first. He knew the Kafirs would not blame him. He was assured he had done rightly, and, as a proof of it, the pain in his stomach had been better ever since. He thanked the Kafir Commissioner much for restoring his oxen for the good of his family, and not 'eating him up,' as a Kafir would have done; but could not make out why his oxen should not atone for the death of the daughter, as a small payment of like kind had done on the death of the mother twenty years since. But if the English law was different, it was a consolation that he might leave his cattle for the support of his family." I afterwards saw this poor fellow on his trial before the court-martial. He had no defence to make; no petition for mercy. I felt deeply grieved that I could not speak to him. I found Mr. Brownlee's opinion to be the same as that of the other rulers and governors,—that there is in fact no such thing as witchcraft; and, accordingly, they tell Kafirs, and get the Missionaries to do the same, that they will not have such lies and stuff believed in at all. I have continually pointed out to the latter the uselessness of printing the

Bible in Kafir, and then telling those to whom they give it that there is and can be no such thing as witchcraft. This they consider a fit matter to laugh down, instead of pointing out to the heathen that it at least has no power to hurt a Christian, who may defy the power of all the witch-doctors in Kafirland. That there is much of lying and juggling mixed with it we all know; and so it might have been in olden times, as the father of lies is at the bottom of it all. But the zeal of the Christian of the nineteenth century on the subject seems to me to take a wrong direction. I feel assured the Apostle Paul would have treated the matter differently.

March 17th.—A lovely road at the foot of the Amatolas brought us to King William's Town. I was glad Mrs. Merriman should see what I consider the most beautiful part of South Africa. The scenery lightened all fatigue; and our kind reception by Major and Mrs. Bisset, in two or three days recruited her strength. These few days I made an active use of. After assisting the Rev. F. Fleming in the services on Sunday, and labouring on Monday to make some arrangements, and contracting that the church building might be set on foot immediately, though the exorbitant demands of the builder prevented us from *making any arrangement* with him, I set off





at daylight, Tuesday the 19th, on foot, accompanied by Wilhelm, who met me according to my directions at King William's Town, for the kraal of Umhala, near to the ruins of Fort Waterloo, about thirty miles distant. My military friends offered all kinds of assistance, wishing me to take a horse, and have an orderly to accompany me, or else to send for Umhala to speak to him at King William's Town; but I preferred my own way of acting, and declined their kindness, for I said to myself, "If this Mission is to succeed, the seeds of it must be sown in sweat and labour, and not in luxury, or even comfort. The craftiest, and perhaps the most hardened chief in Kafirland, is not to be won by a dainty approach in kid gloves; and if I am not honoured to commence this great work, I will at least endeavour to prepare the way according to the best of my notions for those who are to embark on it." Accordingly, a canvas haversack, containing a blanket, a few sticks of tobacco, with two or three hard-boiled eggs, and four threepenny pieces in my pocket, was all the provision which I thought it necessary to make, being assured that, wherever Kafir kraals were, I could get meelies and sour milk. I called at Mr. Birt's station, about ten miles from King William's Town, where I got some breakfast, and was very much pleased *with what I saw, and what I thought, next to*

the Moravians', the most advanced station, in point of industry and order, that I have seen. Mr. B. is a superior man; and he has a brother as a farmer, and a nephew as shopkeeper, residing in the mission-station with him.

Some time before sundown, we arrived at Fort Waterloo, among the ruins of which I sat down, regarding Umhala's kraal in the distance, till I thought it time to approach. When I came up, Wilhelm at once divined which was the chief's residence, though I could not distinguish it from either of the others. Drawing up in front, I asked if the chief was in. He was; and then a long pause ensued, during which some women and children began to gather and look at the stranger. At length Umhala, a dirty, scrubby-looking savage, in an old blanket, red with clay like the rest, crawled out and stood before me. After eyeing one another for what seemed to me an age, I wondered that he did not begin to ask questions, and converse readily, as the other Kafirs had done; and not knowing how long this dignified silence was to last, I turned to Wilhelm, and bade him say who I was; that I came from the Bishop whom Umhala had seen at King William's Town about a year before; that I bore a message, to ask if he was desirous to have a teacher, and if he would receive two teachers, kindly protect *them*, and see that they did not starve, and keep

his people from robbing and injuring them. Wilhelm looked shocked at the vulgar volubility of my ideas, though condensed into one sentence, which he heard patiently to the end, and then said coolly, but in a low voice, "No, I must not say all that; that is not Kafir law,"—a favourite phrase with him: "Isiko Masso. The captain (chief) will ask you all that."

So again we stood all silent, till the chief condescended to ask, "*A vela pina?*" "Where do you come from?" and then the ice being broken, I gradually told him all the above. He shook hands, thanked me, and welcomed me; and being somewhat tired, I sat down upon the ground. He soon followed, and we entered into further conversation. I mention the above, because I think it of consequence to deal with men after their own way; and as I had purposely thrown off the "Inkosi," or English gentleman, to approach as a messenger of good tidings, I think I was bound to study Kafir politeness, and not to do, as I was grieved to hear that the Slambie Commissioner had done a week or two before; for he, on communicating to Umhala the report which he had heard of the Bishop sending a teacher to him, and on Umhala's displaying a great deal of apathy on the subject, had called him an ungrateful old dog, and other such epithets.

Of course we had not sat long before Umhala.

began asking if I could give him a blanket or a kaross, and proposed sending some of his men back to King William's Town with me, that they might bring it out to him. But I told him that he was not to look for gifts from those who came to confer a benefit on him, and besides, we were quite poor men. He replied that my servant told him I was chief teacher of the English Church in this part of the world, and therefore he asked me for a gift. I told him chief teacher simply meant chief servant, and that if I could benefit him, I was his servant. He had some hundreds of cattle, and was chief Inkosi ; I had none, and was no Inkosi. I told him the Missionaries who came would not be men of gifts, and if they worked for him, he must pay them, in giving them plenty of food, the same as they ate themselves, which they would be content with, such as meelies and sour milk ; he must see, if they had any cattle, that they were not robbed, and must provide them a good hut ; all which he agreed to do, and he said I was the man he wanted : the Bishop must send me. Wilhelm had told him what sort of man I was, and how I walked over the country, and he wanted such a man ; he " knew I was a kind man." I explained to him that the Bishop would not allow me to come,—he wanted me elsewhere. Then he said, " You must carry a message to the Bishop from me,

and say you are the man I want." Whilst we were talking, one of his wives, of whom he has eight, brought some sticks of "impe," or sweet cane, of which he proffered me one, which I took, though not knowing how to use it; but Wilhelm showed me, and, following the example of the rest, I began to eat it, and found it most refreshing and delicious, much nicer than water melon.

Umhala then inquired what food I should want for the night, and said he would kill me a goat to-morrow, but his goats were too far off to send for them that night. I declined any goat-killing, and said I only wanted meelies and sour milk for the evening, and the same for the morning repast. These were provided, and I was conducted to my hut, where he hoped I should be comfortable. I had given him some tobacco, which he was too greedy to wait for; otherwise I should, as Wilhelm advised, not have given it to him when his counsellors were by, as he would have to give the greatest share of it away to them. When I retired to my hut, I had plenty of visitants, both male and female, who, however, gave me no trouble, as they mostly sat in silence, or only exchanged a few words with Wilhelm. One wanted a stick of tobacco because she was Umhala's chief wife; another, because she was the wife to whom the hut belonged: another, because the meelies

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were hers. The two latter reasons I admitted, but not the former. The men who brought the milk, and Umhala's son, who sent it, also had each of them tobacco, and one of the wives the following morning a threepenny-piece; beyond this I made them no presents, but told them I hoped to send them a knowledge more precious than any gift could purchase. Umhala paid me a visit before I left, and scolded the man who had neglected to sweep out the hut as clean as he should. After supper, I heard some men busy rattling reeds outside, and on looking out by the clear moonlight, I found some lads practising the circumcision dance. They were too young for the rite, but were apparently practising their exercises against the time when they should be of the number of the Amakweeto. The furniture placed in the hut for me, beside the food and the fire which was lighted, consisted of the skull of an ox, which, being turned up, provided a seat for several of my visitors in succession; a semicircular Kafir mat, and two planks. The latter, I quickly saw, had been taken from the ruined fort (being English things) for me to lie upon, while Wilhelm was to occupy the mat; but I begged to change beds, and resigned the planks to Wilhelm, rolling myself up in my blanket on the mat.

In the morning Umhala paid me a visit at *sunrise*, and expressed surprise at finding me on

the mat instead of the plank, but seemed gratified when I said I liked "Kafir law" the best, and had been very comfortable. He now wanted to know what "hour I should be hungry," and I told him not till I had been to the "Genoube river" and back, for I intended to visit it that morning; and knowing that Kafirs are engaged in their kraals, milking and turning out their cattle till ten or eleven o'clock, and do not usually eat till all this is done, I thought it best to follow their usage. He sat down, while I rose and said my prayers; and soon after commenced the subject of the blanket. I told him I might as well ask him for a hundred cows; he replied, he did not ask me for a hundred blankets, but only one. As exactly a week had elapsed since the British presents were given away to the chiefs, Umhala among the number, at King William's Town,—and I knew, being chief of the Slambie tribe, he must have had a large share,—I expressed my surprise at his asking; but he told me, what I dare say was true, that his counsellors had them all; he had not kept one for himself. I told him I worked hard for all that I possessed, my clothes and everything, and that if I sat in my kraal at Grahamstown gazing at the cattle, and crying out "Basala! give us a present," to everybody that came by, my countrymen would let me starve rather than support me. I then entered a little on the topic

that was uppermost in my mind, and tried to point out to him that the Gospel was not to be valued chiefly for its temporal advantages, and talked something in the same strain that I had done to Mall at the Tomaga. Presently Umhala commenced a speech by saying, "he knew God was good; He gave them water, He gave them grass, He gave them gum; and would I give him a blanket?" I replied, "Hai," no: when he smiled, or rather laughed, and did not ask me any more. He pointed out the way to Genoube, and said he would send breakfast on my return. This he did in the shape of a good bundle of meelies, and a large basket of milk; and instead of giving away our surplus meelies, as we had done the evening before, Wilhelm and I put them in our havresacs to last us for the remainder of the day, as we were going to walk homeward, intending if fine to sleep in the bush, or take the chance of a Kafir hut.

Whilst eating our breakfast I heard an unusual sound, and on looking out of the hut I saw a dance going on, but of a very different character to the "circumcision dance" the night before, which is at the best a lame affair. But now there were about fifteen fine young fellows ranged in a line, all freshly done over with red clay, leaping vigorously into the air together, *with as much regularity as a regiment of foot*

guards would go through their exercise, chanting at the same time as an accompaniment. Some of the elder men, with long rods, were encouraging and drilling them. The officers had each his blanket on; but the young men who danced were, excepting what their law of decency required, naked, and their limbs moved with such regularity that they looked to me like one long red animal. I found they were practising their steps for the evening, when Umhala was going to his brother's kraal, on the occasion of the coming of age of a niece, daughter of the deceased Tetu, who was killed at Gwanga Flats. They were going to kill three oxen, and in fact make a great jollification; so I was not sorry I had communicated my intention of leaving that day; and soon after Umhala came to shake hands and bid me good bye, as he was setting off to his brother's kraal. He was very gracious, and thanked me for my visit, and said he should anxiously look out for the Missionaries, who I told him had to be fetched from beyond the sea.

I quitted about eleven o'clock, and was thankful at sunset to come in sight of Mr. Birt's station; for it came on to rain heavily, and continued to do so all night. Accordingly I thankfully availed myself of his hospitality, and lay on his sofa till daybreak, when I arose, and stumped through a heavy rain, against the

repeated protests of Wilhelm, who, Kafir like, would rather have remained there for a week if he could have obtained food. We arrived at King William's Town in time to join Major Bisset's family breakfast.

March 22d, next day, we left for Fort Beaufort, where we arrived the following day, and spent Palm Sunday there. We rode into town forty-six miles on Monday, too long a ride in a general way for a lady; but Mrs. M. suffered no inconvenience, and walked to church nearly a mile off next morning. We had arrived about nine o'clock, the beautiful paschal moon lighting up our path. On Maundy Thursday there came to stay with us Mrs. Phillips and her two children. She belongs to a family, six of whom have been struck with lightning, and three killed; her husband, one of the number, was killed about four years ago; while sitting by her side on the sofa, with his arm round her, comforting her.

On Saturday I received a visit from Mr. R. Fyn, the Government Agent among Faku's Kafirs; he has a large tract of country under his rule, with about 30,000 Kafirs, who look up to him as their chief. He came to beg that the Church would establish a Mission among them, which he would assist in every way in his power. He had four Wesleyan stations in the country; *but he wished the Church to take up the cause,*

and he had collected one hundred head of cattle from the chiefs to help. I promised to talk the matter over with the Bishop, to whom he had written on the subject some months since. But, alas! I dare not be sanguine. It is not so much the cattle or the money that we want; but we want the men, we want the system, we want a director or directors; we want the spirit of command, to give the call to those zealous spirits which, I believe, would be found ready to undertake the work.

The Reformed Church of England has yet to learn the elements of real systematic Mission work; and if it be not learned among the half million of Kafirs between the Colony and Natal, they will, I fear, rise up in judgment against her in the latter day. One cheering circumstance, at least, has ensued with reference to the Kafir mission,—the offer of the Hon. and Rev. H. Douglas (who came out with the Bishop, and is now stationed in Capetown) to devote himself to the work. He is a young man of the right spirit to endure hardships,—of an ardent zeal and gentle temper. Being a man of good birth and breeding, and high family connexions, he has something to sacrifice in the cause. Let our early English Missionaries, as Boniface, who was chosen abbot of Nutsal,—Willebald, who was of royal stock,—and, I believe, several others of noble birth in

that same century,—be our example. Whether in this instance such a vocation may be recognised and allowed in a man of noble birth, in our effeminate days, by the Earl his father, and his kindly and tender-hearted friend and Diocesan, the Bishop of Capetown, we must wait and see. “Thy kingdom come.”

On Easter Monday baptized several children, belonging to some of the principal families.

April 4th.—On Wednesday, baptized a child, brought in from the Tarka district to this their nearest church, more than one hundred miles distant.

April 9th, Tuesday.—I left home to-day on foot, with my pack-horse, tent, &c., accompanied by Wilhelm and Jethro White, for the purpose of meeting the Bishop at Graaf Reinet, on his way to Natal, intending to accompany him part of his way thither. I also took Wilhelm to be confirmed at Graaf Reinet, as he had for some time expressed his determination to stick only to the Church of England. In forming this resolve, I had not hastened, but rather in many ways retarded him, pointing out to him that he was cutting himself off from public services in the Kafir tongue, as we had as yet no mission; and, moreover, that he had derived all he knew from the Wesleyan body, towards whom he ought therefore to feel *grateful*. But on my previous journeys he had

made many inquiries, and held many conversations with me on the subject, and had also talked the matter over much with my English servant, Jethro White. He first inquired of me whether Jesus Christ had commanded in the Gospel that men should "tell their hearts" in public? He knew that many, especially Fin-goes, told lies, and acted differently to what they talked at class-meeting. I, of course, pointed out to him that the Church bids men to go and unburden their hearts to the Minister in private, and that we do not approve of this public relating of experiences. Then he wanted to know why I did not preach in "Mr. Shaw's chapel," as several of the black people much wished it? Then, why the Wesleyans did not wear the same "Mooie" (pretty, nice,) garments that we wore (viz. the surplice)? why they had not a Bishop? and the like. To all which I could only reply that we had kept the "Isiko" (traditionary customs) of the Catholic Church ("Gemente Katolika," as it is translated in the Wesleyan version of the Apostles' Creed), but the Wesleyans had not. This argument to a Kafir was so potent, especially when he found that Wesleyanism was of recent origin, that poor Wilhelm said more than once with a thoughtful sigh, "I wish you" (*i.e.* the Church) "had come first." As he can not only say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the

Ten Commandments, in his vulgar tongue, Kafir, but can repeat, I think, nearly all the translated parts of our Liturgy, and is very tolerably informed in Biblical knowledge, and is moreover, I believe, a good man, I had great pleasure in taking him to be confirmed; marvelling, however, with some degree of humiliation, at the appointment of God, that other men (Wesleyans) should thus labour, and we (of the Church) should thus enter into their labours.

We performed our journey, about ninety miles, to Somerset, (where I had engaged to administer the Communion on the 14th,) agreeably enough; though we found some of the Boers on the road very uncivil in refusing to sell us any provision, which, as the locusts had eaten up all the grass, and we were in consequence obliged to give all the meal we had brought from home to the horse, caused us some inconvenience. If a Hottentot woman had not sold us a little dry wheat by the Fish River banks, after her master had refused us, we should have come poorly off. We arrived in Somerset two hours after dark on Friday evening; and I afterwards found that the Roman Catholic Bishop, who had left Grahams-town in an ox-wagon on the day before me, intending to be at Somerset the same Sunday *as myself*, and, in fact, to precisely keep the

same route as our Bishop from Graaf Reinet, being at the same places on the same day, did not arrive at Somerset till Monday, as I was leaving, and, in fact, was completely distanced for the whole tour, which, I should think, would prove a relief to him. As to our own Bishop, he had, as it fell out, taken a different route from myself, and could not get through the drifts of the Fish River, two of which lay in his way; besides which, one of his oxen had fallen sick, and his horse got away. I was sorry for his mishaps, but not sorry to be able to demonstrate to my friends that my mode of travelling on foot was more expeditious, as well as more commodious, and better adapted to this country than any other. I must note at Somerset that Church matters seem to be going on very well since Mr. Pain's appointment; both he and Mrs. P. being great acquisitions there, ecclesiastically and socially.

April 15th.—I left Somerset on Monday afternoon, having previously called on the communicants of the preceding day. We did not get far that evening; but immediately after pitching our tent, a heavy thunder shower commenced, and the rain grew so violent as to put out our fire and cut short our supper. It rained hard all night, but my little tent kept out the wet beautifully. The next three days we travelled on *without any incident*; but on Thursday

evening, while resting by the bank of the Milk River, our forage which we had brought on the road being all consumed, and we not able to get any more, the old horse got away during the night. The whole of the following day, Wilhelm was tracking his spoor, and trying to recover him, but in vain; Jethro, meanwhile, shot a few doves, on which we feasted. During the day, however, had we been in want of food, that want was marvellously supplied. For about mid-day, a Hottentot man came galloping up the road with two horses, and called out to us. Jethro ran to him, when he hastily deposited a small bundle, which he said he had been commissioned to deliver to us, and rode on. On opening it, we found it to contain three large, thick sandwiches of bread and meat. It seemed so like the ravens bringing bread and flesh to the prophet by the dried brook of Cherith, (for of course the Milk River did not run,) that I was quite struck by it. The incident, however, was soon explained. The thoughtful kindness of Mrs. Hudson, who was travelling in a wagon by the same route to Graaf Reinet from Somerset, had prepared me this supply, and sent it by the hands of the postman, whom she met coming out from Graaf Reinet. The same night, Dangala not being found, we agreed that Jethro should walk back to Grahamstown, and Wilhelm *and I* pursue our course, carrying what things

we required, and leaving the pannier and tent in the care of a Kafir man by the river bank, who was to deliver them to Mrs. Hudson's wagon on its return. It was a melancholy break-up of our trio, the next morning; but there was no help for it. We parted at day-break, not having pitched the tent that night, to save time, as it usually required us to wait to dry off the dew, before it could be packed up; and Wilhelm and I trudged on to Graaf Reinet, where, however, I arrived some hours before my limping attendant. Oh! what a joy it was to see the Bishop, Archdeacon Welby (from George), and the Rev. Mr. Long, walking out of the town to look for me and meet me. Much pleasant and some anxious counsel we had together the next two days; and indeed, in spite of want of rest, I continued talking that same night, first with the Bishop, and then Mr. Welby, till long past midnight.

The ceremony of the following day, including Confirmation and Holy Communion, was very impressive and affecting. A few only of the newly confirmed, being chiefly young women, and my poor Kafir man, remained to receive the latter privilege. Next day, we all dined with Mr. Heugh, who displayed his kindness as he had done on the occasion of my former visit, by borrowing horses and mounting the Bishop, myself, and *Mr. Long*, and accompanying us, on Tuesday

morning, about fifteen miles out of town, over the Oldberg mountain; the Bishop on his route to Richmond, and thence on to Colesberg and Natal; while I, *en route* to Cradock, diverged at our parting place, to walk on about twenty-five miles to the farm of Mr. Hind, my wife's cousin, who had left a letter for me in Graaf Reinet, expressing a wish to see me. With my short visit to Mr. Hind I was much pleased, and I hope my visit may have been of some comfort and some use to him. He has promised to come and see me at Grahamstown.

April 24th.—I walked to the farm of another Englishman, Mr. Murray, and was delighted to find a young man just having taken possession, whose father and mother, with whom I had a slight previous acquaintance, were still living about thirty miles farther on the road to Cradock. This relieved me from the apprehension of having to seek about for Boers' hospitality on my journey, as two days more of stout walking would get me to Cradock; and from thence to Grahamstown I could find "Houses of Accommodation," as they are termed here. When the sun was setting, I walked up with young Mr. M. to the kraal, as his business was to count in the sheep with which he had been left in sole charge. I have often wondered at the rapidity and accuracy with which our Colonial lads will count in a "troop

of sheep," as they run by in a continual stream through the open kraal gate. On this occasion some goats were mixed with the flock, which the herd had not been careful to separate. Mr. M. had every now and then to catch them by the horns and throw them back, shouting out occasionally some direction to the Kafir herd, the sheep all the time running past him as rapidly as they could crowd by. When at the close I asked him if all were right, he said, "Yes," but presently added, as he shut the kraal gate, "at least there were 1682, and there should have been 1683; but I suppose I miscounted one: the troop is too large to count at once, and I have no one to mark the hundreds, as the herd is a new servant." Presently, on our return to the house, on passing by the flock of goats, he pointed me out among them the single missing sheep, proving the extraordinary accuracy of such a rapid count. Whilst waiting till his Hottentot lad cooked us some supper, I borrowed an awl (fortunately a usual piece of the furniture of a Dutch sheep-farm), and cut out a kimpie (small thong of leather), and mended my veldtschoons, which were beginning to betray symptoms of decay under the work of the Rocky Snewberg. After supper, with usual Colonial hospitality, the young man had his own bed made up for me, and went himself to *sleep on his wool*, the whole "clip" of which

was stored up in an adjoining apartment, waiting for bags to pack it for shipment to the English market.

I left the following morning before sunrise, but I found this day that my young friend's Colonial breeding and habits had made him less explicit in giving me directions for the road, than he would have done probably if he had reflected how recently I was out from England. In short, Wilhelm and I twice missed our road that day, and as the moon did not rise as clear as we had anticipated, we were fain to retrace our weary steps from the Burghersdorp road, which we had taken by mistake, and seek some bush,—a very rare thing in that country,—and repose ourselves for the night. Fortunately for me, I carried a kaross, but poor Wilhelm, even without a blanket (which he had foolishly left behind), suffered less from cold than I should have supposed, so near the Snewberg, and within a day or two of the month of May. By the aid of Wilhelm's fire, I slept so sound that I was quite loth to stir the next morning when the sun rose; but it was time to look out for food, of which we had had none since the breakfast provided for us by a Hottentot woman in her hut the preceding day. We found the Boer, at whose place we had stopped,—the only place on the road,—gone with all his family to a Church Meeting. As of course the bush we slept in

implied in that country the bed of a river somewhere near, and the bed of a river implied occasional water, and occasional water rendered a farm a probable adjunct, we were not long in discovering a Boer's place under the mountain. To this we repaired, and asked to purchase bread. "They had none." Meat? "Perhaps." Milk? "Did not know." At last a piece of raw flesh was brought out, which I proposed returning to the embers of our fire and cooking, as they said they had no cooked meat; but before departing, I observed that a piece of dry bread would be more acceptable, as we wanted to get on our way. Mynheer replied, the bread was not baked yet. This was enough! I sat down on the ground and said, "Wilhelm, we will wait half an hour till the bread comes out of the oven." Mynheer now saw there was no escape, so he went into his house and brought out a good piece of bread, and a large bowl of milk, half of which I of course gave to Wilhelm, who sat by my side, and we regaled merrily.

But the sight was too much for the vrow inside, who had not yet shown her face. To see an Englishman sitting cheek by jowl and parting his bread to a Kafir servant, moved her wrath, and she commenced a tirade about wicked Kafirs, English skellum (rogues), shamefulness of interfering with Boers at Natal;—

(this arose from Wilhelm's replying to their queries, that we had been to meet the Bishop, who was gone on to Natal;)—hypocrisy of any Kafir, pretending that he could have the law of God in his heart, while his countrymen did such and such things;—wickedness of English Missionaries in encouraging them, and the like. Wilhelm argued stoutly, and I only smiled, and told her I was sorry I could not talk Dutch enough to set her right. The men,—of whom several were there, as they had a wagon load of relatives, evidently on a visit at this breadless house!—seemed half amused, half scandalized, at the vrow's violent attack on Wilhelm's patience, and when we rose to go, Mynheer politely refused to take anything for the bread and milk, and even said we might take on the raw flesh if we liked, which Wilhelm was horribly chagrined to see me decline. He told me plainly he could not account for the folly of English ways, this not being the first time he had seen me decline to stuff my wallet as well as my stomach at another person's house. On a former occasion, Wilhelm actually carried off from a Boer's house, where we had both been treated with marvellous civility, greater than any I have experienced from Dutchmen on this visit, the six-pennyworth of bread, with the purchase of which our negotiations had just opened, and this although we had breakfasted

in the house free of expense. Of course I did not know this till we had left, or I should have made him return it, though he could not in the least comprehend why. Let me here say, in palliation of the Boers' seeming rudeness to me, that both my walking, and my treating Wilhelm with familiarity, are in their eyes marks of low-lived folly. And I can scarce wonder—especially as I talk no Dutch—that they do not regard me favourably.

Being now recruited, we easily walked on to the farm of Mr. Murray, sen., and were lucky in finding it (for it is most obscurely placed) soon after mid-day. Here I received a most kind and refreshing welcome. I was easily persuaded to remain there that night; for though I had now lost a day on the road, and must otherwise have proceeded towards Cradock that night, to avoid a late arrival there on Saturday evening, Mr. M. obviated all difficulty by sending for horses, and allowing his son to ride half the distance with me the next morning, giving me an easy walk of twelve or fifteen miles. I was very glad to repay their kindness in the only way in my power, by catechising the two children for an hour, and hearing them read during the evening I spent there. In walking round his fruit-gardens, Mr. Murray told me that he should at any time think it worth while to plant an acre of ground with peaches, solely to fatten his

pigs on. Mr. Hind also told me it was only the use he made of his most abundant crop of the same fruit. It would not repay the cost of labour, even of coloured women and children, to pick and dry them for the market.

On Saturday afternoon I reached Cradock in good time, but as usual an hour or two in advance of Wilhelm. I was greatly cheered in making the acquaintance and receiving the hospitality of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gray, whom I had not seen before. They had arrived during my late absence in Kafirland. When I contrast this visit to Cradock with my last short sojourn there, I have indeed every reason to be thankful. I think Mr. Gray calculated to do much good. His sermon on Sunday afternoon I liked as well as any sermon I have yet heard in the Colony. The people, too, seem pleased with him. I spent part of Monday in teaching him the art of making veldt schoon; and started on Tuesday for Grahamstown, which I reached without special incident.

June.—On examining the accounts of the parish of Grahamstown, at my visitation, it appeared that from Lent 1849, to Lent 1850, 330*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* had been collected by the Offertory, and a total received for Church purposes of 1,317*l.* 9*s.* from one quarter or another. The Offertory had been collected mainly after the manner and for the objects recommended in the

Bishop's Pastoral, *i. e.* one Sunday, (in each month,) for sick and needy; one, for support of Clergy; one, for Missions; one, for Church building and repairs; with a few special objects, as altar-furniture, the almshouses, (for which Mr. Turner, late of Bathurst, had given 100*l.* to be met by 50*l.* to be raised in the town,) a collection for Graaf Reinet church, and one for King William's Town church.

On Easter day an offering had been made anonymously of 100*l.* towards an hospital for Grahamstown and the Eastern Province, but this did not come into the year's account.

June 22d.—I set off on this day by appointment to Southwell, where I was to administer the Communion the day following, and afterwards hold service at Riet Fontein, and again in the evening at the Kowie mouth. The day was so exquisitely fine and warm, that it was hard to persuade oneself that it was just the middle of winter. Mr. Wilson rode part of the way with me, and after he turned back, I was soon overtaken by another companion, a son of Mr. Doyle, whom I had once called on at the Kowie, an old friend of Dr. Vanderkemp, and himself a quondam Missionary of the London Missionary Society stationed at Theopolis. I have before remarked, that the sons of Missionaries are usually very interesting persons to converse with, as they understand the native character,

and have not the acrimonious dislike of the Kafirs that the farmers of Lower Albany usually have, but it is melancholy to find them without any spark of Missionary zeal. Indeed, not a few South African Missionaries—always excepting the Moravians, and I think the other foreign Missionaries—seem to quit the employment of Missionaries as soon as an opening occurs either to farm advantageously or to enter the employ of the Government. Mr. Doyle had quitted Theopolis, his son told me, in consequence of the ingratitude of the natives, and their constant pilfering. Two farmers in Mr. Waters' district had given up their Missionary work. I meet with examples of this wherever I go.

Mr. Waters has commenced a school for Kafir children, which at present he holds in his house till a convenient hut is built. The school is kept by Miss Sass, daughter of the lately deceased Missionary at Theopolis. She is a good Kafir scholar. Being holiday time, the children had dispersed, and so I did not see the school in operation. Mr. Waters quite agrees with me that a school for children is not the way in which to commence a Mission; but this seemed in his case the only practicable way of lifting up a standard, and combating the prejudices of his European neighbours, by showing that he has some regard for the spiritual welfare of their *numerous* "hewers of wood and drawers of

water." Besides, he thought it desirable in any way to secure the services of Miss Sass, and her knowledge of the Kafir tongue; and hopes that something more may one day grow out of this feeble attempt, being the first that the Church of England has yet made in behalf of the coloured races. One never goes through Lower Albany without hearing fresh stories of the horrors of the late Kafir war, and confident expectations that another will arise shortly. Though I do not concur in these anticipations, it is painful to see them so general, for it prevents men from erecting permanent and substantial buildings on their homesteads, and makes things wear a slovenly air, without seeming to make men sit more loose to the affairs of this world. Thefts of oxen, though much less frequent than of old, are still sufficient to keep up a good deal of exasperated feeling.

On Sunday morning our congregation was thinned almost to nothing, by a party having gone out in search of cattle supposed to have been stolen by Kafirs. It is a trying thing, no doubt, to have to live amongst a race of professed thieves, and to see that their thieving is usually the result of want, produced by disinclination to work and cultivate the soil. I found the widow Sass, who still resides at Theopolis, had lately had her house robbed by some of the *flock of her late husband*, whose long-continued

labours, till he was blind and worn out by old age, had not been duly appreciated by them. A Missionary station, when it comes to be void of industry and full of vice, is a sad blot in the land. It seems to resemble one of the old monasteries in their laxer days. There were only four to communicate, besides the Waterses and myself, though I was glad to find, from some incidental remarks, that Mr. Waters' presence and instructions had produced a much better observance of the Sunday generally in the neighbourhood than of old. The farmers' sons are commonly ashamed to be found hunting on that day; though of course the loss of oxen was deemed a legitimate reason for riding in an armed party about the country in pursuit of them.

After Morning Service and a brief repast, we rode on to Riet Fontein, about ten miles, where we held service in the afternoon; but this, though a populous neighbourhood, is chiefly occupied by Wesleyans: indeed, it was in the house of a Wesleyan that I officiated. We had nearly as many attendants as the house would hold.

After service and a cup of tea, which the good lady of the house provided, we rode on eight miles further to Mr. Cock's, at the Kowie mouth, where I found nine ready to communicate with us. Some of these were Wesleyans; *but, to my great joy*, one black woman was

amongst them, of whom I had an excellent account from her mistress. She had been trained by the Wesleyans at Grahamstown, and I discovered was first cousin to my man Wilhelm. I was glad to make the acquaintance and enjoy the hospitality of Mr. W. Cock. We were most kindly entertained in one of the best houses in this part of the Colony, and were next morning provided with a boat to cross the Kowie, our horses swimming after us. We then rode on to Bathurst. Should the bar at the mouth of the Kowie ever be cut through, as some fondly anticipate, this spot of Mr. Cock's will become one of great importance. It will furnish what the coast so much wants, a safe harbour; and no doubt a sea-port town would soon grow up there. Mr. Cock has a steam-mill just commencing work; but his trading vessel, the *British Settler*, had been wrecked off St. Helena Bay, and all lives lost, the week before I was there. After spending the remainder of Monday with the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, I returned home on Tuesday.

July 7th, the following Sunday, I spent at Sidbury. The work going on here in the repairs of the church was cheering, and the few Hottentots who are brought under the training of the Church in this parish, gave me, as they always do, much pleasure.

July 11th.—I set off on this day on foot with

Wilhelm, to meet the Bishop at King William's Town, on his way from Natal, taking my route by the Winterberg and Kat River settlements, where I was to officiate on Sunday 14th. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Bendelack, and my son John, accompanied me a few miles on my journey. The weather was so fine and lovely, the bush so green and bright, the butterflies dancing so gaily, and the red aloes here and there lighting up the scene so gorgeously, that I could scarce persuade myself it was the middle of winter, and that a week ago we were suffering from a most cutting, disagreeable wind, which made us think the climate, for the time, worse than England. I got to Fort Beaufort the second evening, without Wilhelm, who had hurt his foot, and lagged as usual.

After a kind and hospitable reception at Colonel Sutton's, I set out, early on Saturday morning, to walk to Retief. When a few miles from the town, I overtook my limping Kafir; but I saw he would hardly reach Retief that day, so I sent him back, and told him to rest the day, if he liked, but to join me on Sunday evening at the Kat River settlement. I had hurt my own foot also, and was not sorry to ride instead of walking.

On Sunday I officiated at Morning Service in the Post at Retief, then rode with the Rev. Mr. Wilson for afternoon service at Botha's Bush,

ten miles distant, and after that another dozen miles for Evening Service at the Kat River settlement. Here we were most kindly welcomed by the Dutch Minister, Mr. Thompson, who gave us the use of the Dutch church, and several English families were assembled for Divine Service. The following day I rode through the settlement, accompanied partly by Mr. Thompson, and partly by Mr. Bowker, and was on the whole much pleased with this very beautiful and interesting portion of the country. It consists of nearly 700 square miles of the choicest portion of this province, which was given up to the Hottentot population by the recommendation of Sir A. Stockenstrom in the year 1829. Almost all who chose to accept the boon were then located there, somewhat hastily it may be; but when a great act of political humanity is achieved after a struggle, as the manumitting of slaves, or restoring an oppressed race to their inheritance in the soil, we must not look for its being done with all the deliberation and caution that such measures require. The advancement of these Hottentots in civilization and the arts of life, considering the drawbacks of war, has been perhaps as great as could fairly be expected. They are divided, however, into two parts, and two religious communities, one the "Bastards," as they are called, having mostly a mixture of

European blood, under Mr. Thompson, Minister of the Dutch church, and these are far the most advanced and best educated set of people; the other purer Hottentots, under Mr. Read, of the London Missionary Society, who himself married a coloured woman, and with his sons superintends the Mission at Philipolis. But their houses, clothes, chapel, frequent appearance before the magistrate for criminal offences, all bespeak an inferior grade of civilization to their neighbours at Balfour (Mr. Thompson's place). I believe, too, that the tone of Christianity is not so high as at the latter place. One thing struck me forcibly, that after their twenty years of independent settlement, with many of the elements of civilization provided to their hand, no one of the coloured or bastard race has been found able to keep a little shop. This is done by Europeans only; the difficulty to the coloured races being their inability to say "No" to their brethren, who want to have their goods on credit, and have not sufficient strength of principle to pay after they have got what they wanted at the time. As a proof of Hottentot talent, I was shown at Mr. Read's house a very nice model of a Cape wagon made by a native, and now intended to be sent for exhibition at the "Industry of all Nations" Exhibition in Hyde-park in 1851.

A friendly Kafir in the war had for himself

and his handful of people, chiefly Ronas, *i.e.* a kind of white or Hottentot Kafir, a territory granted to him at the Blinkwater, like the Hottentots at the Kat River. These people, too lazy to work the soil, suffer Kafirs from Kafirland (without leave or pass) to come and squat on this land with their cattle, paying them in milk as a kind of quit-rent. Of course, the settlement soon becomes a nest of cattle-stealers. In fact, it is with that view mainly that the Kafirs come. The farmers all round are plundered; no redress can be gained, when the oxen are eaten up as fast as stolen, or transferred to friends at a distance; notice to quit is not attended to; at last, magisterial vengeance, after due notice given, makes a searching visitation of the district, ejects the intruders, (to the joy of Hermanus, who was beginning himself to be eaten up by them,) burns their huts, and sends them home. The only thing to be complained of, in my judgment, is, that all this was not done earlier. It is much the same case as if an English landowner, instead of cultivating his soil, or letting it to respectable tenants, sent to India for some of the tribe of professed thieves, to come and squat with him, and plunder his neighbours. Let our English friends be assured it is a hard thing to live amongst, or next door to, a nation of thieves, *who outnumber us greatly.*

There are at the Kat River two abandoned military posts, at one of which, Eland's Post, I officiated on Monday afternoon, and had five or six English families present. Speaking of abandoned posts, I believe above 200,000*l.* have been spent since the first Kafir war in military posts which are utterly useless. Fort Wiltshire alone cost 60,000*l.*, and the workmen were hardly out of it when the Stockenstrom dynasty subverted the D'Urban plans (to which we have just now returned), and forthwith Fort Wiltshire was abandoned to the Kafirs. They danced, I have heard, in part of its ashes, and Macomo sold the walls, and the other unconsumable materials, for three cows! The money squandered would have built a Chinese or Roman wall from the Winterberg or Amatolas to the sea, and thus stopped Kafir cattle-plundering, and cut off occasion of Kafir wars.

I slept Monday night at the Kafir police-station, under the command of Mr. Campbell, who gave me several traits of Kafir honesty in matters of money and the like, which he could entrust to their care without the use of lock and key. In fact, cattle-thieving apart, they may be considered an honest race. I compared them in my mind to the followers of Donald Bean Lean, though I am sure they would none of them have stolen anything from a man's person who slept under their protection.

Next day, having sent Wilhelm forward on foot, Mr. Wilson and I rode after in search of the Moravian station at Winfogelberg. We found it, though Wilhelm, who had preceded us, missed it, having taken the road to Shiloh instead. Mr. Campbell, however, had furnished Mr. W. and self with a guide to where the paths parted, and we naturally concluded that Kafir Wilhelm would be able to make out the road from the direction of his Kafir countrymen, though it turned out he could not. I was rather amused, while at breakfast on Monday morning, by our police attendant coming to his captain and us to request that he might trot with us naked, instead of clad in his policeman's clothes, to which, of course, I readily assented. We were very glad to reach Winfogel by the assistance of a Kafir, whom we found in the very nick of time, just where we should certainly have made a mistake, and that almost at sundown. We were most hospitably received by the brethren, whose acquaintance I had before made in Grahamstown.

July 17th.—Next day, Mr. Wilson departed to Whittlesea and the Tarka, leaving me to enjoy a day's repose at Winfogel, previous to continuing my walk to King William's Town. I spent it most pleasantly, as everything connected with the commencement of a new Mission under *such a body* as the Moravians was

of course most interesting to me. They have as yet about thirty families only on the station, principally Tamboukie Kafirs, with a few Hot-tentots. The grass is very good at Winfogel, and though they have led out a watercourse, it is plain that they will have much difficulty in weaning the Kafirs sufficiently from their attention to the cattle that they bring with them, to induce them to cultivate the ground. The Moravian love of order seemed, however, to be gradually telling. Their houses or huts are placed in straight streets, as I believe is the case at Genadenthal. They are only allowed to bring their milch cows and calves to kraals on the station, but they find the looking after these a good excuse for not ploughing, digging, and sowing much at present. The example of Moravian industry will doubtless tell in time. I was rather surprised, in some instances, at the Brethren's indulgence of the natives' heathen practices. Thus, they do not at present forbid them to settle on the station and enjoy the watercourse, though they may bring with them more than one wife; they hope these things will die out by degrees. At mid-day they were all assembled for worship and instruction. Being invited by Mr. Gysin, I addressed a few words to them. Having to preach through a double interpretation,—first Dutch, then Kafir,—I was greatly at a disadvantage; and was

surprised to see them such very patient and attentive listeners. A man out of whose foot I had extracted a thorn before service, thinking, I suppose, to do what was acceptable to me, began by jeering a lad who had just come up with a parcel of hares' tails tied to the top of his head. Seeing the poor boy getting out of countenance, I took his part so far as to tell his reprover, that hares' tails were certainly no greater disfigurement than pink bead ear-rings, and a large necklace, which he himself had on; and neither of them were as good as the possession of such a useful article as the knife, which he had admired so much on account of the tweezers by which I had got the thorn out of his foot. Wilhelm arrived that afternoon, having spent the night upon the mountains, afraid to light himself a fire, for fear, as he said, the Tamboukies should come upon him and take him for a thief. I was glad to see him safe, and the next morning he trudged off in advance, while I rode a few miles with Mr. Gysin, and one of the Moravian sisters, on the way to King William's Town.

After parting from my kind friends and re-joining Wilhelm, we arrived at sunset at the kraal of Tois, a Kafir chief; and Wilhelm expressed some anxiety to remain, as he was tired and foot-sore, instead of walking on to the *Berlin Mission Station*, some twelve miles

further. So I assented, and was not sorry again to enjoy the hospitality of a Kafir's hut. The chief, we found, was absent, which at first was a disappointment, as I had a desire to make his acquaintance; he is accounted one of the smartest fellows in Kafirland, but I fear is somewhat spoilt by the notice that the officers have bestowed upon him. I was afterwards glad on the whole, as his absence enabled me to be received without any state, such as having a separate hut put apart for my use; in lieu of this I was introduced presently into the bosom of one of his families, being sent to the hut of his third wife, which is the stranger's hut,—his mother and son and others of his family coming in turn to pay us a visit there.

On first entering, I could hardly see or breathe for the smoke; but on reaching my appointed mat and lying down with my head near the ground, I could begin to look about me a little. The first thing which struck me was, that the hut seemed ornamented round with rows of buttons, a thing I had never witnessed before; but Wilhelm told me they were pumpkin seeds stuck into the wall to be ready against sowing time. It was very hot, and the influx of visitors made it more so. I was again reminded forcibly of the Cyclops, as a huge figure sat with his legs before the doorway, like Polyphemus, to prevent escape; and

the idea was strengthened by the remembrance that the only kind of handicraft in which these people seem to display skill, is in metallurgy. The pipe, and the assegai or spear, furnish the chief exercise for their craft. I had given a stick of tobacco to the chief's mother, a bit to one of his sons, and a sixpence to the wife in whose hut we took up our abode, and they in their turn began to provide us with gifts. One house sent a basket of boiled maize, another a basketful of sour milk, another a tin canful of the same, another a basket of what were considered more delicious meelies, as recently dug up from the kraal (their store-pit), and were therefore softer and better flavoured. I feasted heartily, being very fond of this diet. After supper, Wilhelm began to speak of religious things; but I soon found they were an unbelieving and unimpressible set; and one or other asking, "How we knew these things? Had we ever seen God?" and laughing loudly, I stopped the sermon, and told them they were making God angry, and I would have no more said. Tois' mother, sister to the Tamboukie chief, Mapassa, asked Wilhelm, (as she knew his relatives, who are Kreli's people,) how he, being one of Kreli's men, could think of marrying a Fingo woman for his wife? I told her, if Sarah was a Christian, she was of nobler birth than any Tamboukie (i.e. royal wife, for

the chiefs are forced to marry Tamboukie women in all Kafirland). She took what I said good-naturedly enough; I hope Wilhelm interpreted it strictly. Another woman laughed at Wilhelm for blowing his nose, (he had a cold,) and said, "Handkerchiefs are made to wear round our heads, not to blow our noses in." We started at day-break the following morning, after thanking our hostess, who still reposed on her mat. I was very glad to have thus a second time lodged in the hut of one of these great Kafir warriors, who, a short time since, were bent on English blood and English plunder, the latter rather than the former, no doubt.

The following evening I reached King William's Town; Wilhelm, lagging as usual, did not arrive till the next day.

Tuesday, July 23d.—The Bishop not arriving, I started for Grahamstown that evening. While washing on the Keiskama banks, I heard Wilhelm shout out in Kafir to a woman and child who were crossing the drift,—“An evil worship.” On inquiry, I found that the woman, after crossing, made the child throw a stone back into the river as a charm: we should have said of an ancient Grecian, it was to propitiate the river god; in her case, with the vague idea that omitting the ceremony might cause her a fit of sickness, or at least enable the witch doctor to attribute some illness to this omission.

The following day, after remaining some hours at Fort Peddie, and having a very satisfactory interview with a soldier there who was a candidate for confirmation, I left for Trumpeter's Drift; but violent rain and thunder overtook us, and compelled us to put up in the bush. When nearly wet through, we found we could light no fire for want of dry grass; and after some ineffectual searches for materials, it being now dark, we bethought us of the huts of a former military road party a little further on; to these we waded, and fortunately found one of them standing in very tolerable repair, with a wattled bedstead built in it, and some dry clean thatch grass, seeming as though it were prepared there for our use. Never had I cause to feel more thankful for the bed and shelter with which a kind Providence had so unexpectedly provided me, many miles from any house. With a couple of hard eggs in my pocket, and a crust of bread, and an excellent fire, we made ourselves very comfortable that night.

On *Thursday*, we trudged on about forty miles to Grahamstown. On the road I found an express had galloped past me, while in the bush the preceding evening, carrying tidings for me of the Bishop's arrival at King William's Town the morning after my departure. The Bishop had had a trying, anxious journey from Natal,

and needed rest, as I did also ; therefore I did not return, though the officer in command at Fort Peddie had kindly provided me horses ; and, had I received my letter when he intended, I should have returned immediately. I reached home on *Thursday evening, 25th July, (St. James's day,)* thankful to find all pretty well, and hoping the Bishop would join us with recruited strength next week.

The month of *August* was spent, a good part of it, in the Bishop's company, at Grahamstown. We had, of course, a great deal of anxious, and a great deal of pleasant converse, on the affairs of the Diocese. The Bishop's account of matters at Natal, and of the natives there, was most deeply interesting. The Vestry of Grahams-town presented a congratulatory address to the Bishop, to which he replied appropriately.

August 17th.—He quitted us for Bathurst ; and I rejoined him two or three days after at Southwell, from whence we rode, first, to the Wesleyan Missionary station at Farmerfield, where the people, having notice of our coming, had assembled at their chapel-door, expecting the Bishop to address them. I never saw a more interesting set of natives together than here. There are about five hundred people on the station, small and great, partly Fingoes, partly Kafirs, partly Bechuanas, all very nicely *clothed and decent looking*. There is a good

deal of land under cultivation, and between thirty and forty wagons on the station; and the natives bring in so much firewood, poultry, and other things to the market at Grahamstown, as materially to alter our prices there. The Bishop spoke to them, calling them to a sense of gratitude for the condition in which they were now placed, being many of them part of the tribes who, after being broken up by Chaka and Dingaan, had at length found here a resting-place. Our interpreter translated what the Bishop said into Bechuana, very melodiously and with much animation; another into Kafir, very harshly and screechingly. I was sorry to hear the Amakosa Kafir so murdered in sound, though, I believe, in sense it was correctly done.

I was so much interested as gladly to remain at Farmerfield that night, while the Bishop and the rest of the party, viz. Colonel Somerset and two other Cape Corps officers, with Mr. Waters, Catechist, from Southwell, and Mr. Corbett, a young farmer from the same place, rode on to Salem to sleep. I joined the Bishop next morning at the Salem Institution, which is a school for English boys, and accompanied him that day to Oliphant's Hock, where we held service; and the following day I rode back to Grahamstown, while the Bishop pursued his way to Port Elizabeth. *The Bishop returned to us early in*

September, and remained till the twenty-fifth of the same month. Sidbury Church was consecrated on the ninth, and named St. Peter's; and Grahamstown Church, St. George's, was consecrated on St. Matthew's Day.

September 22d, Sunday, four Priests and one Deacon were ordained. Monday and Tuesday, we had a Synodical meeting of the Clergy of the Archdeaconry who were within reach.

MEM.—*September*. While conversing with the farmers and principal inhabitants of Sidbury, after the consecration of their church, the churchwarden assured the Bishop that he lost nearly or quite five hundred sheep annually by theft; that things had been worse since Colonel M'Kinnon's vigorous government in Kafirland, for that the thieves were driven from thence to plunder, not on the immediate frontier, but farther inland. They all avowed that they lost a tenth of the increase of their flocks by theft, and some said more. The naming of a "tenth" was their own suggestion, not the Bishop's or mine; but it naturally recalled Malachi's intimation that God would exact tithe his own way, and if a nation "robs God," it will suffer somehow for it.

October 10th.—Rumours of an excitement in Kafirland, and an intended irruption on the Colony, were now very rife. A pretended prophet, "Umlanjeni," was attracting great crowds to

him. Many farmers hastily quitted their farms in apprehension of an attack. Meanwhile we received tidings that, owing to the excessive drought which had been of such long continuance, there was much distress in Kafirland, and that the people were almost perishing from hunger; in spite of which, at the prophet's bidding, the Kafir servants in the Colony were all leaving their masters' employ. At the suggestion of the Bishop, I called some of the chief inhabitants together, and we organized a committee for raising subscriptions to provide food to alleviate the Kafirs' distress. The subject was not popular; but at our first meeting, the treasurer reported 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ subscribed.

During the last month (*October*) I parted with Wilhelm, sending him down to Southwell, to take charge of the Kafir school which Mr. Waters had recently established there; Mr. W. being left without a teacher, in consequence of the resignation of Miss Sass. I was very sorry to part with Wilhelm, to whom I had become much attached; and I fear I shall miss his services much on my journeys; but I thought on the whole it was best to let him go, hoping he might thereby prove more useful hereafter at a Mission station; and the expense of keeping him myself was becoming a serious consideration, as the drought made living rather dear. Moreover, I found, naturally enough, that the

rest of my household did not think Wilhelm so well worth his keep as I did; and finding him regarded somewhat like the Knights of King Lear, and believing I was now knowing enough in colonial ways and bush contrivances to travel without my old companion, (who, I must say, with all his invaluable Kafir qualities, was wofully given to limping and lagging behind,) I dismissed him, not a little thoughtfully and anxiously, to his new work.

November 5th.—Mrs. Merriman having got through her confinement nearly a month earlier than I expected, I set off this afternoon with my pack-horse and English servant, Jethro, to walk to Bloemfontein, and visit the Orange River Sovereignty, hoping to accomplish this tour of between 700 and 800 miles before Christmas. The Bishop had recently ordained Mr. Steabler Deacon at Natal, and sent him to occupy the ground at Bloemfontein till he could provide them a man in Priest's orders from England. My young son John accompanied us the first ten miles, where we were to remain for the night, he having a great desire to be initiated into his father's mode of travelling; to lie in a tent,—sleep with his clothes on, or in a kaross,—eat a supper cooked in the bush,—perhaps hear wild beasts,—and other things on which his imagination had feasted. The next morning I parted from him in high glee, Mr. Thompson

having ridden out at daybreak to accompany him home.

After a very hot day's march, we came at evening to Mr. Curry's house at Ettrick Hill, which I had previously heard he had quitted for fear of the Kafirs, as the rumours of projected war were already beginning to trouble the country, and drive frontier farmers, with all their stock, from their homes. I thought it sad enough to find a house empty where I had been several times received with so much kindness; but imagined I might still save myself the trouble of pitching my tent, by spreading my kaross on the floor of one of their rooms. I was not prepared for the desolate looking scene of confusion that awaited me in the half-dismantled apartments, where the things were scattered in all directions. The horns, skins, &c., which I had admired as ornaments of the walls where I had before slept, were lying about, together with old stretchers, chairs, &c., inside and out of the house, in all imaginable disorder; the half-cut planks with which a new stable was being fitted up lay just as the workmen had left them. A Fingo who went up to the house with us, having accompanied us from the Fish River, uttered an involuntary expression of sorrow, took a padlock from the window-seat in Mr. W. Curry's bedroom, and fastened it on the door outside. The whole sight was too much for me to think of

remaining where I was, and we walked on to the barn near the house, where we pitched our tent for the night. Our Fingo friend lay near us, and shared some of our provisions, he being entirely without any, though going from Grahams-town to a farm at some distance, which he would not reach till near mid-day the following day. I asked him the cause of this, as he was a butcher's servant, going to fetch cattle: "Had his master given him no rations?"—"Yes; but he had left them all for his wife and children."—"Was he a Christian man?"—"Yes; but he could not afford to wear clothes when on a journey." I must say I have seen him do a very Christian act at the Fish River. Some Kafir women were there eating; he begged of them; they refused to give him any food. By-and-by, as I had lost the mouth-piece of my pipe, I applied to the Fingo to cut me one out of the bush, which he did immediately. I gave him some of the victuals we were enjoying, and he instantly broke the bread, and gave some of it to these very Kafir women who had just refused any of theirs. I hope this was a fruit of his Christianity.

November 7th.—The following morning we started early, not wishing again to undertake a walk through the middle of a hot African summer's day, as we had been compelled to do the day before, in consequence of waiting for *Mr. Thompson's* arrival to fetch John: and we

walked on before breakfast-time to Jelliman's, about thirteen miles from where we slept.

On sending up Jethro to purchase a bundle of forage, what was our horror to learn that Jelliman was lying in his house a corpse, having been murdered in the middle of the night! I went in to speak a few words of comfort to the poor widow, who was left with seven little children, and learned that two Hottentots on horseback had come at midnight, when all the family were in their beds, and Jelliman sound asleep; on her bidding them to go, they refused till they got some drink. After a little altercation, Jelliman woke up, went to the door, and threatened to pull one of them off his horse; when the other from behind shot him dead on the spot, and they both galloped off on the road along which we were travelling. I subsequently found that these fellows had, on the preceding afternoon, stopped and robbed two persons in De Bruin's Poort, which we had passed through a few hours earlier. After crossing the Fish River, we had taken the old road to the right; and the men must have passed during the first part of the night, probably keeping the new road up the Fish River, and thus we missed them, or they us. Next day we were at Dagerboer's Neck, where our horse broke away and escaped from us; fortunately, we caught him before sundown, and went on a few miles beyond

Trollope's place to sleep. This I mention, because it afterwards proved that these same two men, deserters from the Cape Corps, were at that time lurking in the kloof about Dagerboer's Neck, having lost their own horses, and of course on the keen look-out for a couple more nags to carry them off. Thus we were twice mercifully kept out of the way of these robbers and murderers. They were subsequently captured by Mr. Trollope just named.

Saturday, November 9th.—On rising at break of day, and striking our little tent, we found we were in for a wetting, as clouds were gathering, and rain beginning to fall. Disagreeable as it was, we could not regret this, as the country required rain so much. After an hour or two it held up, and we lighted a fire and dried our clothes, and trudged on in a most fierce storm of wind to Cradock, where we were truly thankful to arrive at 3 P.M. There the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Gray and his family—mother and sister—refreshed us greatly. I was pleased with the progress of good feeling towards the Church, in this which two years since we thought the least promising of our fields. They seem now determined to try and build a church for themselves.

November 11th.—On Monday afternoon, the rain holding up, after a day and a half of most *refreshing* soak, which, being under cover, I

enjoyed vastly, we set off for Colesberg. Mr. Gray accompanied us as far as the sulphur hot springs near Cradock, which I had not before seen. We reached Colesberg on the following Friday evening, 120 miles from Cradock, which place is just half-way between Grahamstown and Colesberg. We had not any incident on the way worth noting, save that the horse got away one night by my fault, as I played the part of King Alfred and the cakes. We had come to Andries Bester's place a little after sundown, and as Andries speaks a little English, and likes keeping up the reputation of being civil to English travellers, he came down to the spot where we had halted. While Jethro went up to his house to fetch forage, he kept me in an incessant talk,—our horse being knee-halted close beside me ; presently some of Bester's horses came down to drink, and our nag took to their company, and on its becoming suddenly pitch dark, neither he nor they could anywhere be seen or heard. A mounted Hottentot was despatched to look for them, but returned without finding them.

Next morning at day-break he was sent again, and about nine o'clock brought back my missing steed. Mynheer was very polite, but seemed surprised at my anxiety, or my misdoubting for a moment that the Hottentot would find the beast. "*I did not tell him to look for him,*"

said he, "but to bring him. He knows he dares not return without him, or be later than ten o'clock in returning." On going up to the house in the morning, the dogs flew at Jethro, and bit his heel slightly, at which Bester expressed much concern, and soon after sent us down some milk and a lot of beautiful eggs of some kind of wild duck which he had about his place. Jethro frequently after this wished he could get another such bite.

Friday afternoon.—When within fourteen miles of Colesberg, our horse broke away from us again, as he had done the preceding Friday at Dagerboer's Neck, and as he had tried hard to do the following Friday, carrying off the panniers as though they were nothing, and galloping over the veldt, scattering my kit in different directions. We pursued and caught him, but I lost most of my books, dressing materials (which, however, consist only of a comb, toothbrush, razor, scissors, and sponge), our tea and coffee, meal, sugar, and the lid of the tea-kettle. These latter, as we got into Colesberg the same evening, were of less consequence, though I could not afford to replace the kettle-lid or other things. I had started from home with only 3*l*. and a few shillings in my pocket, for this long journey; and forage for the horse, and a pair of hind shoes, with one or two other little items, had consumed more than two-thirds of this

before I left Colesberg. These two hind-shoes, which cost 4s. 6d., stood me in good stead, as will be seen by-and-by. Fortunately I had a pocket-comb, and the rest I did without till my return.

I will here remark, once for all, that the Boers were very kind and polite to us on this journey, and frequently very hospitable. Having Jethro and my packhorse, instead of poor Wilhelm trudging with my bag, made, no doubt, a great alteration in their mode of regarding me. Jethro, who now speaks Dutch very fairly, seemed a favourite with them. I found, too, that I was famous amongst them as the great walking predicant, and some even acknowledged that it was more apostolic to travel in this way, only they concluded it was not so hot in Judea, and that there could be no horses in that land. Once I received quite a touching and even a humiliating amount of honour, paid to me by a Dutch vrow, who was charmed with my simple mode of travelling, and seemed to think nothing she could do too much to serve us, offering to wash our clothes, if we would wait, and saying, as we were Christ's servants, she was doing it for Him. After a good deal of interesting conversation with her (a rare thing with Dutch people), she saw me borrow Jethro's bottle of sweet oil to rub over my lips, and forthwith went to the house and fetched me a small bottle

of spiced ointment, which she assured me came from America, and was a sovereign remedy for chapped skin, &c., and begged me to accept it. I knew it was costly, and was ashamed to take it, but I thought I should be depriving her of a privilege, and wounding her feelings by my refusal. *Hæc res feliciter illi vertat.*

I remained at Colesberg till *Monday, 18th November*, and was much cheered to see there a very neat little church already built as high as the eaves, though at present going on slowly for want of adequate funds. I could not but be rejoiced in contrasting my visit both at Colesberg and Cradock with that which I last paid these places. Now they have a priest at each, a church nearly built at one, and a serious contemplation of one at the other town. I received here a call from two missionaries, M. Le Mue, of the Paris Missionary Society, and M. Vouress, of the Berlin ditto; the former stationed at Carmel, near the Caledon river; the latter at Bethany, in the Griqua country. I afterwards visited both these stations.

On *Monday* morning, before I left, the German Missionary called again, and expressed himself greatly pleased, as he had been at both our services the preceding day. I also received at the same time a very polite and Christian note from the Wesleyan local preacher (whose daughter M. V. had come in from Bethany to

marry), bidding me God speed on my journey. Dr. Orpen and his sons accompanied me a few miles out of Colesberg. What I should have done, had not the former, among his other most refreshing acts of hospitality, furnished me with a pair of old shoes, I do not know; for the cameleopard-soled *weldtschoons* in which I had trusted, turned out quite a failure, and I limped into Colesberg on half-bare feet. In fact, there is nothing like the hide of an ox to pound along the road. I had made Jethro's *schoons* one of ox-hide, the other of buffalo, thus giving all three a fair trial; but the buffalo, like my cameleopard, wore through long before the ox-hide.

We arrived at the Orange River about two o'clock the same day, but found it swollen and impassable. The boat which is kept at the Drift had crossed that morning, and the owners were gone back to their farm, about three miles off on the other side. Thus we were left for the remainder of that day, and until past mid-day the next day, to repose and gaze at the magnificent stream. I could not greatly regret the delay, though very desirous to keep my engagement of being at Bloemfontein the following Sunday; for to see two hundred and fifty yards wide of deep rolling water before one's eyes in such a land as this, was too refreshing a treat not to be vastly enjoyed under any circumstances. Jethro used his gun, and

shot one or two curious birds. I was afraid to bathe, not knowing the current or its eddies. Next day the boatmen fortunately came, and though we had some trouble from a Dutch Boer having joined us with a horse, which would not be persuaded to swim, we got over safely—being forced, however, in the deepest part of the channel, to let our horse go, as he had plunged and got his fore-feet over the reins by which we held him. He stemmed the tide gallantly, and we thought he never looked so handsome as when he reached the opposite bank.

We pushed on by sundown to Phillipolis, the capital of that part of the Griqua country under Adam Kok. These Grikwas turned out and checked Moselekatse's invasion in the year 1826, and, as their reward, had a permanent settlement secured to them in this part of the land. Another party, under Waterboer, is located at Griqua Town, lower down the river, and a third, I believe, somewhere else. Phillipolis is a very respectable-looking European village, with a good church, a prison, and Adam Kok's residence, a good sized, substantial cottage, with trees round it (trees are rare things in the Sovereignty). The buildings, I learnt, were mostly erected by the natives. Adam Kok was absent, but I saw one of his brothers, a substantial-looking Boer. I was pleased to learn

that some of the Griqua farmers in the neighbourhood drove in a wagon and good pair of horses to church on Sunday; that one or two were breeding woolled sheep; that Adam himself was a respectable and shrewd man, not always on good terms with his resident Missionary, but a punisher of crime when detected, and one that would not wink at offenders.

This is the best side of the picture, and it is, under any phase, a pleasing sight to view even a single tribe of these natives so far Christianized and civilized as to be living as they do at Phillipolis; and I cannot but think it a great honour to the London Missionary Society to have been instrumental in such a work, and a great thing to be thankful for that our Government has dealt so indulgently, and with such a patient spirit, towards these its feeble children. They are allowed to enjoy their land, and to sell it to one another, but not to part with it to any white man. Still they are getting squeezed out by their own want of energy and industry. They may let their farms on a lease of thirty years, which many Boers and Englishmen take advantage of; and the landlord becomes very usually the pauper and debtor, dependent upon his tenant. All the former wants is to live in idleness, and he contracts debts wherever he can. When the lease expires, he can do little else than *renew it*, and in fact seems unable to

lift up his head, and take an independent position. This is, of course, not universally the case, but so generally, that it is thought in a few years the natural working of things will inevitably throw the land into the hands of Europeans, make whatever regulations the Government may; for if, after half a century's nursing, these babies cannot take root in their own soil, or be trusted with the "fee simple" of their own property, another population will doubtless supplant them.

One token I could not but observe at Phillipolis, the same which I remarked on at the Kat River settlement, of the incapacity of the natives, though they may build decent houses, and even manage farms, to cope or keep pace with the civilized man. Not a native at Phillipolis, or (as I learnt) at Griqua Town, not even a Bastard among them, could keep a shop; not from any deficiency of arithmetical talent, or inability to keep their books, but from the impossibility which they find in preventing their countrymen from getting into their debt, or making them pay debts when they have contracted them. In fact, there is an universal prevalence of social dishonesty among them, and almost as universal a prevalence of the questionable quality of a "good nature," so called, that cannot say "no" to a begging idler of a fellow-countryman. At all events, Adam Kok and his tribe have at pre-

sent a splendid country, well watered and with plenty of grass; how long they will keep it, foster them as we may, it is hard to say. Many people think they will one day trek in a body to the interior, to occupy other vacant land, or to plunder some defenceless tribes. This probability I cannot assent to; for I think their Christianity, though it be of a feeble stamp, has been sufficient to leaven the lump, and prevent such a result as this.

I was anxious to get forward, and therefore left Phillipolis as soon as the moon rose, and walked on till near midnight; and in two days more we found ourselves, just after sundown, at Carl Spruit, (a small stream,) about ten miles this side of Bloemfontein. We had suffered severely the last two days from cold, a very unusual frosty wind having set in, which crisped the grass at night, though we were then within six degrees of the tropics, and only a month off Midsummer. This will account for our retiring behind a koppie to pitch our tent, while we tethered our horse by the side of the stream. It was indeed a bitterly cold night, but we heartily wished in the morning that we had braved the cold, for on waking up our nag was gone, and a miserable jade of a mare stood knee-haltered near the spot. We knew we were in the land of lions, and thought he might have *broken away*, carrying peg and all under some

fright; but the peg was too cleanly drawn for that, and we were left to the conclusion that some one had made an exchange with us. I was thankful to be within ten miles of Bloemfontein, and therefore able to keep my engagement, and the day was before us. So I sent Jethro with the miserable beast to a neighbouring farm, to inquire if they knew anything of it, or of my horse; but no one recognised the sorry animal, and the conclusion was inevitable, that it had been left there by the thief. As the day was advancing, we clapped our panniers on the new steed, and trudged on to Bloemfontein, intending when we arrived to deposit the animal in the skyt kraal (pound). About a mile and a half before reaching Bloemfontein, we were attracted by some water, and stopped to wash and drink. While there a Griqua man, who had passed us on horseback, and chatted the preceding day on his road from Bethany to Bloemfontein, rode up, and, after quiet salutations, informed us that we had his brother's horse, and gradually worked himself up into a pretended indignation at our dishonesty, and wanted payment for the use of the horse, which he said had strayed to the spot where we found it, and that he was now riding out in search of it. It was useless for us to explain. He kept saying, "If I had done so to a Boer, I should *have been* put into the tronk." So I offered to

go with him immediately to the magistrate, as I felt conscious that by having sent to the farm, I had taken every precaution to guard myself against any imputation of dishonesty in the matter. But as all he wanted seemed to be to extract a small present from me, I took him on to the Rev. Mr. Steabler's quarters, where I was going, gave him a couple of shillings, and dismissed him, abundantly well pleased with his part of the affair. I subsequently found that this fellow's brother was a notorious horse-stealer, — that he was only just out of the tronk, with twenty-five lashes for that crime; and I could feel but little doubt that my friend had marked and admired my horse as he rode by, communicated to his brother that I was sleeping somewhere on the road, and between them they had effected their purpose in getting him from me in this way. I may wrong them by this suspicion, but as I did not entertain it till the day I left Bloemfontein, I will go on to relate the remaining circumstances about my horse, which illustrate native character, and show the further grounds on which I charge my Bethany Griqua.

Immediately on arriving, I communicated my loss to my friend Captain Glubb, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, who politely sent out a couple of men, Hottentots of the Cape Corps, the same afternoon (*Saturday, November 23d*) to scour

the country in search of him. They returned, however, next morning without success. They had made a circuit to the right and left of the road, as if looking for a strayed horse, but found no spoor and saw no nag. I now thought the case desperate,—the more so as there had been a fierce wind raging nearly all the time, sufficient to obliterate all traces of horses' feet in a dusty place. At mid-day, however, on Sunday, Captain Bramley, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, sent out his Hottentot servant with his own pony, and told him to go and see what he could make of it. He returned Monday afternoon, giving a very distinct account. The horse had been taken from the spot where he was tethered to the road,—had there been led along by a rein, by a man riding another horse, across the Kafir River at Bekker's Fontein, twelve miles, after which he had struck into the Veldt to the right hand, and the spoor was lost among the dry grass and the karoo bush. He had ridden on the road for ten miles further, but the horse had not been on the road again in that distance. How he could learn this so distinctly seemed strange. I am sure no English eye would have traced it, after an interval of two days, when the wind had swept the road so clean. But I have no doubt, nor had the magistrate of Bloemfontein any doubt, that *the man was correct*. Being asked how he

knew the horse was led by a rein, he replied, "Another horse had gone by the side of it, but my horse had his head turned inwards, which he knew from the movement of his feet." Could he be sure it was the same that went from Carl Spruit? "The nails of its shoes were not worn down." This seemed a staggerer at first to those who knew I had come from Grahamstown; but when I said I had had two new hind shoes put on at Colesberg, and had come on the softest road possible ever since, it showed the correctness of the fellow's observation. Whether I shall ever find my horse remains to be seen; but I received much sympathy from many at Bloemfontein,—the Resident Major Warden, the officers of the garrison, and the magistrate, Mr. Murray, who is determined to trace it if he can.

It was a great pleasure to me to see my old friend, Mr. Steabler, again. He was catechist at Southwell when I first arrived on the frontier, had subsequently been to Natal, where the Bishop ordained him Deacon, and sent him to Bloemfontein. On the whole, Church matters are proceeding very satisfactorily. I had but few, I think ten communicants, but the Church, or in fact religious order and restraint of any kind, except military, was a rare thing in the Sovereignty, at least among our English population. They were zealously determined on

pushing forward the building of a new Church; and the following day I had the great pleasure of assisting in laying the foundation-stone of a Church, to be dedicated to St. Andrew. It being then the week preceding Advent, I hoped this, according to its name, might prove the introducer of many Churches into the Sovereignty. The people altogether seemed to be much in earnest in their undertaking.

Tuesday, 26th November. — The next day, Major Warden, the resident, kindly lent me a horse to carry my pack. We started for Smithfield and Burghersdorp. Having now my face once more turned southwards, I was disposed to make my walking a little more easy, as I had four Sundays to spend on the road instead of two, which was all my allowance in walking up to Bloemfontein, which is still 100 miles short of Winberg, the most northern extremity of my Archdeaconry. We have neither church nor clergyman there as yet; when we have, I hope I shall walk there with as much pleasure as I have done to Bloemfontein.

On *Saturday* morning I arrived at New Smithfield, and found Mr. Vowe, the resident magistrate, living contentedly in a harte-beest hut, while his house is building. He was very polite; but on my inquiries about the probabilities of my ministration being welcomed at *Old Smithfield*, where I had written to say

I would spend my Sunday, I felt much discouraged. It made me at first repent that I had too hastily proffered to go where it seemed I should be little welcome. It must be remembered that they had been living entirely cut off from public ministrations of religion, and that theirs is almost the only part of the colony, or the Sovereignty, where there is an English population, that the Bishop has not visited. But though I went thus heavy-hearted on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Vowe kindly riding with me to Mr. Halse's, twelve miles to the south-east of New Smithfield, God had abundance of comfort in store for me.

I found a large, or rather two large families, Pulteneys and Halses, twenty members in all, assembled at Mr. H.'s spacious house. There seemed to be a good deal of earnest piety amongst several of them; and on officiating the following morning in a storehouse which Mr. Halse had cleared for the occasion, with a congregation of about forty persons, I was pleased with the evident reality of worship that seemed to be present with us. The men were not ashamed to kneel down or to respond when they knew how, for many of them had much forgotten the order of the Common Prayer-book, and they sung quite congregationally. In fact, I found that Mr. Pulteney, Mr. H.'s *father-in-law*, had kept up a very strict domes-

tic worship, accompanied with much singing, Watts's Hymns being their staple book. I pointed out to Mr. P., after morning service, how inappropriate was the hymn he had chosen; for I begged him to choose one of his hymns which all knew, while I appointed one psalm in which I thought all could join. He took all I said very kindly, acquiesced in my remarks, and did not again, even in domestic worship, choose a hymn of the character I alluded to as inappropriate. He would have me choose all, but as I do not sing myself, I declined. I had sounded the heads of the family in the morning, whether any among them would desire to receive the Holy Communion; but from the cautious and doubtful replies I received, I imagined no one but Mr. Vowe and my man, Jethro, would be likely to present themselves. However, I determined at morning service to give notice of its celebration in the afternoon; and great was my pleasure, after service was over, to find two or three of them come to converse frankly with me as to the propriety of presenting themselves.

At afternoon service eleven of us communicated; and I have seldom been more satisfied than with the real devotion that seemed to prevail among these, the greater number of whom were communicating for the first time, certainly *for the first time* with the Church of England.

In the evening I had a long conversation with my host, Mr. H. Halse. On the whole, I was much pleased by his plain, honest, English good sense.

Dec. 2d.—The day following I rode with Mr. Vowe to the French Mission stations, Carmel and Bethulie, near the Caledon River; and the succeeding day visited a third, "Hebron." We were kindly received at them all; and the progress of the natives in the arts of civilized life, beyond that of our frontier Kafirs, struck me much. Of their spiritual state I did not get an opportunity of judging correctly; but as the Missionaries are extensively engaged in farming on their private account, not for the benefit of their Society, though their poverty is loudly spoken of and begged for in Europe, I could not but fear that their work must go backwards. Indeed, I was informed that they not only hold, in behalf of their Society, extensive tracks of the very best land, but that they are themselves some of the wealthiest farmers in the Sovereignty. With Mr. Lemue, of Carmel, whose acquaintance I had made at Colesberg, I was very much pleased, and thought him much superior to the other French Missionaries whom I met at these three stations. We were, however, kindly and hospitably received at all, which makes it an ungracious task to make any unfavourable remark upon them. That they have done, or have begun much good,

I cannot but be sensible. Mr. Vowe, whose kindness to me seemed to increase every day, brought me on horseback from Hebron to the drift of the Caledon River, from whence I had a journey of thirty miles to Aliwal, or Buffalo Vley. He would fain have sent me fresh horses, and conveyed me to the Orange River; but I thought it high time to take to tramping again, as I had spent the last three days in making detours to see these stations, and the junction of the Orange and Caledon, all which, but for the kindness of Mr. Vowe, I should not have been able to visit. And now my pack-horse and man had met me at the drift, and we were to proceed on our southward route.

Next day we reached Aliwal, and waded through the noble Orange River, which was now quite clear and low, though broader than where I had crossed in the boat at Botha's drift. We slept that night on the Colonial bank, which made one at once begin to feel nearer home; but we bade adieu to the grassy plains, where we had had the great pleasure of seeing flocks and herds allowed to run at freedom by night as well as by day, the wild beasts being their principal enemies. Our poor frontier farmers cannot leave any of the stock out of the kraal, having far more dangerous enemies in Kafir thieves, than in lions, tigers, and wolves. *It will take a long time, however, thoroughly to*

stock these plains of the Orange River Sovereignty with cattle, instead of the vast troops of gnus, quaggas, and deer of different kinds, which now swarm like locusts, though they are beginning to give way a little before English dogs and guns, which are incessantly at work among them.

At one spot, while I was cooking my kettle close to a vley at night, (probably using the fuel provided for me by these animals, which, together with the oxen, were our principal coal merchants,) Jethro having gone on an errand to a neighbouring farm-house, a troop of these snorting gnus actually darted into the vley to drink, within a stone's throw of me, neither caring for me, nor my fire, nor Jethro's gun, which was lying beside me. The horse was so terrified that he broke his rein and escaped; but luckily Jethro's speedy return enabled me soon to catch him. The gnu is never dangerous except when he is wounded, but does not often like coming quite to such close quarters as this.

After an early swim, I had service, and baptized three children at the new town of Aliwal North, which is magnificently situated on the terraced bank of the Orange River; and received a memorandum expressive of the readiness of the inhabitants to exert themselves in maintaining a Clergyman, and building a Church. But, alas! I thought I saw too plainly, that

the determination to push forward their new town was the thing uppermost with them.

We reached Burghersdorp on Saturday, and I was kindly entertained by Mr. Blake. The prospects of the Church did not seem very bright here; but with the Civil Commissioner and Clerk of the Peace, both Churchmen and communicants, (I think we had only four more,) I do not despair of something being done.

Monday Morning, 9th December, I held a meeting there, and subscriptions were entered into, which I forwarded to the Bishop, with a proposal from them that a Clergyman should go there who could educate their children, the fees for which should constitute his maintenance.

On Monday afternoon, I started with a horse lent me by Mr. Cole, (I had committed Major W.'s horse to the custody of Mr. Vowe,) Mr. Murray, the Dutch minister, on whom I had called the same morning, kindly walking out a few miles with me. It was a pleasure to me to converse with an intelligent and liberal-minded Dutch minister, who had received his education at a Dutch university. He gave me a better picture of the state of religion amongst the Dutch colonists here, especially the "Doppers," who form a large part of his congregation, than I had before conceived. These Doppers are

a sort of Dutch Church Puritans, their principal characteristics being a Quakerish costume in dress, a disinclination to sing hymns in the church, or to attend the Lord's table, which they excuse themselves from on the ground of pious fear; whereas the Dutch population generally attend at stated times, almost to a man, unless they are under ecclesiastical censure. Mr. M. told me he was thankful to be ministering among the Dutch, in preference to any English congregation, whose piety and morals he thought inferior to those of his own flock.

I have before noticed that rumours of intended Kafir war were afloat, which not even the reiterated assurances of the Governor that there was no danger could allay. I soon began to meet Boers and their families "trekking," i.e. quitting their farms, with their flocks and herds; and some of them warned Jethro and myself very solemnly that we should never reach Grahamstown alive, if we persisted in continuing the road we were going. However, I did not see reason to doubt the accuracy of what the Civil Commissioner of Burghersdorp had told me, viz. that there was no cause of alarm just yet; and so I proceeded.

On arriving at the Klass Smidts River, where there was a knot of Englishmen whom the Bishop had charged me to visit, I found *the chief farmer's* house barricaded, windows

bricked up, and neighbours collected there for defence. At first I thought their minds did not seem much attuned for any services I could offer; but by-and-by I found some old acquaintances among the females, one or two of whom I had met at the Mancazana Post, and one at least of whom had been a communicant there. At last, to my great joy, one of the farmers and Mr. Bradfield proposed that I should stay and hold service there that evening, instead of proceeding on towards the Tarka Post, as I had intended. I did so, and they thanked me.

Next day, calling at the former Haslop Hills missionary station, (which had been abandoned by Mr. Warren, and recently sold by the Wesleyan body,) I saw a sight which pleased me much,—100 Kafir workmen quietly reaping in the midst of this disturbance, for Mr. Jones and Mr. Arnott, who have joint possession of the farm; Mr. A., who gave me a most hospitable reception, living amongst them without fear, serving out their rations daily, and attending to their wants in the shop. They deplored to me the conduct of the neighbouring farmers, who had quitted their farms, leaving all their ripe crops standing on the ground. I asked whether the workmen were any of the Christianized natives who had formerly been resident *on the station*, and was told, “Not one.” Those

natives had all departed, not being willing to work except for wages above the standard rate, and not being industrious workmen at all. "In fact," said Mrs. A., "Missionaries always spoil the people for work." I replied, "At least their Shiloh neighbours, the Moravians, did not;" and she allowed they formed a partial exception. They were mostly Kama's people on this farm; and I believe that all now acknowledge that Kama's adoption of Christianity has been a sincere one, and that his Kafirs are safer neighbours than others.

Friday, 13th December.—I slept that evening at the old Tarka Post (a beautiful spot, once a military post, but now occupied only as a farm), which, together with the adjoining houses, was deserted, except by a few Kafir herds. Jethro and I selected a house with two rooms; put our horse in one, and tied him to a beam; supped and slept in the other, without unfastening our tent, as we had a long march over mountains by Kafir paths before us the following day; for I, of course, now abandoned my original intention of remaining Sunday, and celebrating service at the Tarka Post. I determined, if possible, to push on to Post Relief, on the Winterberg, where we have the Rev. Mr. Willson, an English clergyman, stationed. However, having imperfect direction, and no guides, we missed our road the following day.

and, after a hard day of precipitous climbing, found ourselves at nightfall quite entangled amongst the kloofs on the west side of the Great Winterberg. After some discussion with my man on the desirableness of trying to force a descent upon one of the farms below, which he besought me to desist from as being impossible, and which it would in truth have been very foolish to have attempted in the dark, we made our way into the upper end of a grassy kloof, and remained for the night. Had it not been Saturday night, I should not at all have minded our position. There was plenty of grass for the horse; and though the ravine below us was impassable, from its thick tangled bush, and, as I afterwards learned, very full of the most notoriously audacious tigers, who carried off the mares' foals, and devoured the sawyers' dogs, yet the splendid rocky gorge which we had passed in getting to this spot, with a waterfall in the wildest piece of scenery that I have seen since quitting Switzerland, seemed quite to remunerate one for the accident. Nevertheless, I must confess that our condition seemed not the most enviable in the world, when the mountain mist came on, which it did at night, and the grass under us became very wet, and we found ourselves without food, and could get nothing but a little dry heath to make *a fire*, by which with great difficulty we made

the kettle sing, and then tossed in some coffee, which we drank without sugar, that too being expended.

Next morning I packed Jethro off at day-break to find out a mode of descent, and to procure and bring back some food. As we were near some of Mr. Willson's outlying posts, I told him to give notice that I would come down as soon as it was feasible, and hold Divine service. The descent occupied Jethro a longer time than I had calculated, and I waited till mid-day, suffering much from hunger, before his return. When he made his appearance with but two pieces of bread and butter for us both, of which I could have eaten six to my own share, I was sorely disappointed. However, the poor man who sent it gave us nearly all the bread he had, and sent word that he would have some dinner cooked and bread baked for me by the time I came down. So I took heart, and we packed up our panniers, and commenced our descent, arriving at the house of Mr. King at half-past two. He treated me very kindly; and his wife, besides cooking dinner, had made a cake on the embers for us to take on with us. We then went on another two miles to a neighbouring farm, where we held afternoon service, of which notice had been sent in the morning; and a tolerable congregation was gathered there.

Monday, 16th December.—Next day we got to

Post Retief, and though we found Mr. Willson out, the joy of getting again to the house of a brother clergyman, after 300 miles' interval, was indescribable. Before Mr. Willson's return, Mr. Wilshere, the clergyman from Fort Beaufort, where I designed to spend the following Sunday (22d), arrived, having ridden up from Beaufort (thirty miles) to assure me that the road, though safe then, would not be so by the end of the week. However, as he seemed to dislike my proposal of returning straight to Grahamstown without visiting his parish, I determined, unless I heard more alarming tidings in the interim, to pursue my original plan of descending the Blinkwater, on Thursday. He was anxious to commend me to the guardianship of the Kafir captain, Hermanus, whom he had informed of my intention to pass that way; but I begged him not to say a word further to that individual respecting me: "I would rather take care of myself."

Accordingly, I reached Beaufort in safety and without any alarm, early on Friday morning, having slept soundly in the bush, and had a good swim in the Blinkwater and Kat River streams at their junction.

On Saturday I rode with Mr. W. to some of the farms on the Mancazana road. Mr. Gilbert's house, where we breakfasted, was indeed a *curious spectacle*. It was more like a fortress

than a private dwelling; three acres were enclosed in a strong stone wall; a tower had been built in the middle of the house, armed with three pieces of small cannon, not for ornament, as is sometimes done in England, but for use; stands of arms were in the tower; a wooden barricade before the entrance. It was a melancholy, but yet satisfactory sight: melancholy, for the necessity,—satisfactory, for the determined energy which it displayed in him as in several other of our frontier farmers, who are determined, even if their cattle are forced from them, to defend their dwellings. [N.B.—This house was sacked and burnt a few days after, not by Kafirs, but by Hottentots.]

Sunday, 22d December.—The next day I preached twice in Fort Beaufort church. This being the first church I had entered since quitting Grahamstown, and being newly fitted up inside, was a real refreshment to my spirit, especially when I recollected under what discouraging circumstances, as regards the fabric, I had nearly two years ago for the first time visited Beaufort. Since quitting Grahamstown, I had generally officiated in the court-house of each place, a singularly disagreeable building to me, carrying with it as it does nothing but secular associations, the living tokens of which are all the while before your eyes. The iniquity of one's *fellow-men* is generally the thing most promi-

nent in the transactions of such places. Nevertheless, I could not but reflect that the first churches of any size or grandeur in Western Christendom were usually basilicæ, or court-houses; though they were, I believe, always given up exclusively to Christian worship, when so used, and not secularized on the week-day, but sanctified on Sundays. The two following days I walked quietly home to Grahamstown, arriving, as I had intended, on Christmas Eve, though I little thought, when I so first intended, that that very day would prove the commencement of a disastrous war with the Kafirs.

I will pause to say that as this is the longest journey that I have yet taken on foot, so has it been in many respects the most satisfactory. I could never have afforded (nor, indeed, should I have wished) to make this visitation in any other way than on foot. We gained great experience in the mode of managing rebellious pack-horses. Our horse from Burghersdorp (which I left at Retief, to be sent back from thence) was a real skelm (as the Dutch call a rascally man, or unmanageable horse). It was summer, and very hot on our return, nor did we get to any bush till we reached the Tarka; yet we quite accustomed ourselves to sit in the sun at our meals, without feeling inconvenience. Very luckily I had carried an awl and piece of bush *buckskin*, as our shoes wanted frequent patching.

My few books, Prayer-book and Psalter excepted, I lost, as I recorded above, before reaching Colesberg; but I felt no want of intellectual entertainment. It was a pleasure to sit for hours and stare at big mountains, and have no business letters to write, or no post to carry them. I amused myself, too, in scribbling four or five Veldt songs, which I intended for the amusement of my wife and children. At supper, Jethro regaled me with much homely chat, sometimes discoursing on the merits, strength, or strictness of his father, whom he had left in his native village in Wiltshire; sometimes Oxford was his theme, where he had lived several years with his uncle, the porter of Queen's College; and tales from that quarter were generally interesting to an Oxford man (many an M.A., by the way, might learn much from scouts and porters). Sometimes he told me little stories and doings of my own children, which to a father are always entertaining; and on the whole I found him a very useful servant on the champaign, and a very passable companion in the veldt. We offered the prayers of the Church together every evening, read the Psalms every morning, and the Litany on Fridays.

Going into Church on Christmas morning, we heard the sad tidings that Colonel McKinnon had been attacked and defeated the day before, *in a gorge of the Amatola*. Succeeding days

only brought in word of fresh disasters. The Governor was shut up in Fort Cox. On *Sunday, 29th December*, Colonel Somerset, with a strong patrol, tried to join him from Fort Hare, but was driven back with loss. The military villages were attacked and burnt. All Kafirland, or at least the Gaika part, was in insurrection. Hermanus joined the insurgents, and devastated the Winterberg. The Tambookies were strongly suspected. Meanwhile, Grahamstown was barricaded, for fear of a night attack. Every male was put under arms. Some of the citizens fled during the night, hiring wagons and escorts at enormous rates. Thus the old year wore out in the midst of alarms and terrors, with few external sources of comfort, but giving us the hope (a faint one) that some might be seriously impressed to their benefit in the midst of these trials.

On *January 1st*, the Feast of the Circumcision, we had tolerably numerous congregations, but our daily morning prayers were not much more resorted to than before. A few more, I think, on Fridays than heretofore. May God bring more and more good out of evil! We had a sad Christmas last year, but a sadder this. Our clerical meeting was of course stopped, as the roads were not safe to travel.

GRAHAMSTOWN. 1851. *January*.—The year opened under inauspicious circumstances. May God, who brings good out of evil, further our troubled state to the advancement of His Church and kingdom!

We had rather better news at the beginning of January, than the close of the preceding month had brought us. The Governor escaped, on the last day of December, from Fort Cox to King William's Town. On the 17th of January, at three in the morning, Hermanus, with a rabble rout, composed partly of Hottentots from the Kat River settlement, and partly of his own Kafirs, in great force, attacked Fort Beaufort. But the Commandant, Colonel Sutton, having timely notice, was prepared for him. His force was routed, and Hermanus himself killed.

The Fingoes were the main defenders of the town on this occasion, and they took much cattle, with wearing apparel, and other plunder, from the vanquished foe. This plunder was some of the recaptured spoil from the Winterberg and Koonap farms. I had two letters from the Rev. J. Willson at Post Retief, where the inmates were in great peril; each letter asked me to apply to the authorities for aid. But, alas! none could be spared them from hence. My old servant, Charles Coleman, now with Mr. Willson at Post Retief, had a ball

strike his cap in one of the attacks on the post, which knocked it on one side.

Collect this week, second Sunday after Epiphany, very cheering.* The Psalms seem daily to come out with a fresher and fuller meaning in these troublous times.

A letter from Rev. H. Beaver, at Alice Town, tells us they have none of them taken off their clothes for a fortnight. Mr. Beaver takes his turn as sentinel with the rest. I have offered to do the same at Grahamstown when they want me. Mrs. Beaver says, that in running from their house to a safer one the other evening, a ball whizzed over her head and struck the ground in front of them.

February 7th, Friday.—This day was observed as a day of fasting and humiliation, in consequence of the scourges we were and had been under: drought, locusts, and Kafir rebellion in the east; unseasonable and excessive rain in the west. The day was pretty well observed externally. I preached in the morning; the Rev. J. Heavyside in the afternoon. We had Morning Prayer at seven; Litany, Commination, and Communion service, with sermon, at eleven; evening service at five;—all

* "Almighty and everlasting God, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth; Mercifully hear the supplications of Thy people, and grant us Thy peace all the days of our life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

well attended. Upwards of 40% were collected at the Offertory at St. George's Church, for the sufferers by the war.

Soon after this we formed a Provincial Board of Relief, consisting of myself as chairman, and every minister of every congregation which was minded to make a collection for this object, together with a layman of each congregation; and our benevolent plan (which had similar relief boards in two previous Kafir wars as its guide) appeared to work very well.

April 4th. — My forty-second birthday, on which day I despatched my eldest boy, John, to Capetown, to enter the Collegiate school at Woodlands. The wagons leaving Grahamstown, had a large escort of Fingoes. An anxious time, with much food for reflection on past and future. The war still lingering, the Hottentot disaffection proving more disastrous to us than the Kafir outbreak. Murders were frequent on the roads: the only wonder being, that with such good shots as the Hottentots usually are, more mischief was not done in this way.

April 20th.—Easter-day, and small outward, but rather more inward, comfort. The war languishing on, with little success on our side. The services well attended during Passion week; and an unusual number of communicants (ninety-three, I think) on Easter-day *presented themselves*. It was to me a peculiarly

gratifying sight to see my Kafir man Wilhelm kneeling to receive the Holy Communion, side by side with my friend Corporal Burnside, who is hardly yet recovering from wounds which had well-nigh proved fatal, from the hands of Wilhelm's countrymen, on the 29th of December. I take this as a proof of the power of the Gospel, the more so considering the suspicion and dislike with which every individual Kafir amongst us is regarded. There are at present upwards of seventy Kafirs in our jail, most of whom were living in Grahamstown before the war broke out. What is alleged against them is, a conspiracy to burn the town, and destroy the Fingoes in especial, and the other inhabitants as well. On suspicion of this, and from information given by their deadly enemies the Fingoes, these men were surrounded in their huts by night, and carried off in a body to prison.

My visit to Lower Albany was taken in the week after Easter, when I set forth to visit and administer the Holy Communion in the camps under Mr. Waters' pastoral care. An armed party rode out of town with us; and on St. Mark's day I officiated and administered the Communion at Southwell camp; the following Sunday morning (Low Sunday) at the Cowie mouth, Mr. Cocks', where we had, I think, twelve communicants; and on Sunday evening *I officiated and slept at Dell's camp, Barville*

Park. There was a painful interest in visiting these camps. At the last place 300 souls were gathered on the premises of Mr. Dell,—men, women, and children, of all ages, races, and colours. It is one of the largest laagers in Albany. At Southwell camp, forty of us slept under the roof a small house.

One cannot help deeply sympathising with a set of colonial farmers, who, for the third time within sixteen years, have been put to the loss and inconveniences of a Kafir war. It is a melancholy thing to see every homestead deserted, except when fortified as camps, and to hear tales of former houses burnt, relatives butchered, and cattle swept off, from almost every mouth. Impatience against the Government, whose mistaken lenity has helped to cause all this, is, of course, a large feature in the discourse. But the reflection very often recurs to me, that no men should have seen how void of rest and of settled prosperity is this world more clearly than the "settlers" in this land. And yet when their herds increased, which in a time of peace they have always done most rapidly, it has not seemed to occur to them that they were bound to give up a due portion of their substance to the service of God, and the maintenance of the ordinances of religion. God seems through the Kafirs to have *taken from them that which they refused to*

give Him. Yet, to state this to them broadly requires much of boldness, and, of course, seems ill-timed when they are actually fretting under new losses.

A day or two after my return to Grahams-town, orders arrived from the Governor to release from the jail those Kafir prisoners whose masters would give a written pledge for their fidelity, in a way which I had proposed. A considerable number were released accordingly. But lest one should mistake of what nature the gratitude of the heathen man and savage is,—on the afternoon of their release, one man, a cousin of Wilhelm's, came down to my house, saying, now that I had got him out of prison, I must feed him and keep him: not a word of thanks for his release. In fact, as I have observed before, the Kafir has no word in his language for "I thank you." The following day, however, when I permitted Wilhelm to go up to the location to visit his released countrymen, he politely brought home a message that they "were very glad, and I had done very good."

May.—At the beginning of this month, I drew up a short appeal in behalf of the suffering inhabitants of the frontier, at the request of the Board, and had it inserted in the colonial newspapers. I sent a copy also to the Governor, soliciting assistance from himself and



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HOTTENTOT MAN





HOTTENTOT MAN



his staff. At the next meeting of our Board, one tradesman of the town sent a cheque for 25*l*.

June.—Towards the end of this month, the Hottentot rebellion, which had broken out some months before, seemed on the increase. The Kat River and Theopolis Missionary institutions having proved disloyal, the people of the latter murdered the Fingoes, and entrenched themselves in the bush. Soon after this, fresh attacks were made on a party, headed by a Cape Mounted Rifle officer, coming through the Ecça bush; three Englishmen were left for dead, and three more wounded. The party who went out from Grahamstown the following morning to bring in the bodies, found one man still alive, who had crept into the bush, and laid there the whole of a very cold night. The sight of the corpses and the nearly dead man being brought into Grahamstown so infuriated the people who witnessed it, amongst whom a firm belief prevailed that some of our town Hottentots were among the attacking party, both on this and other occasions when murders near this town were committed, that a mob attacked the Hottentot huts, and burnt several. The Civil Commissioner and other magistrates had great difficulty in restraining them from burning the whole settlement. In the evening, after dark, the mob resumed their attack on the huts situated near *Fort England*, and burnt them all except

two or three. Much suffering to women and children was the result of this; but it must be admitted, in palliation of the anger of the mob, that concealed arms and stolen property to a considerable extent were found in the huts. Yet, as the Government had not interfered before that morning to disarm the Hottentots of the town, their possession of quantities of arms and ammunition, though doubtless very dangerous, could scarcely be considered unlawful.

The Civil Commissioner found it needful to form a board of compensation, to make up to the plundered Hottentots that which they had lost by the fury of the mob.

The Rev. H. M. White and H. Herbert, from the Diocesan College, were both staying with me during the months of *June* and *July*, and no little comfort have I found in being able, after so long a period, in which I have been thrown quite on my own resources, to take counsel again with so able and judicious a friend as Mr. White.

Whilst he was with me, I framed for the Bishop's approval a paper of presentment questions for the churchwardens of this Archdeaconry. I also drew up remarks upon Church discipline, with a short preface on the Office of Churchwardens.

Some difficult cases with regard to the Holy *Communion* having occurred both here and at

the west end of the diocese, I set myself greatly to the consideration of what part the laity in general, and the churchwardens in particular, should take in the exercise of discipline; and finally deeming the ideas of the Clergy generally to be defective on this point, I drew up a paper for the consideration of the Bishop and some of my brethren in the west, with proofs of the right or the admissibility of the laity to be assessors in judgment in questions of discipline (so far as the deciding on matters of fact is concerned), and to take part as assentients in withholding scandalous livers, and in restoring penitent persons to the communion of the Church, 1stly, from Scripture; 2dly, from early practice; 3dly, from the spirit of our Anglican Canons.

We also discussed, and Mr. White put together a plan for a Collegiate settlement on the frontier, in case this war should come to a favourable close. We also arranged, and got ready for printing, a catalogue of the Albany public library in this town.

August.—Mr. White left me on his return to Capetown, near the beginning of this month. The week following, Colonel Somerset's Hottentot servants, with the coachman, who had been with them twenty years, and had been much indulged in every way, quitted Oatlands *by night*, evidently to join one of the rebel

camps. The same night, all the men in the Cape Corps barracks were found packing up their things to depart also, but were stopped by the remonstrances of Captain Salis. They pretended that they understood the 91st Regiment were coming to disarm and shoot them. The same plea the Shiloh Hottentots made for their disaffection and refusal, on the call of the magistrate at Whittlesea, to give up their arms. This refusal at once put them in open rebellion, and forced the Moravian Missionaries to quit the station, which they did, washing their hands, it is said, before the people, and telling them they were guiltless of their blood, should they fall as rebels. But even the convicted rebels condemned by court-martial at Fort Hare, a month or two since, were only transported; and this pretence of the Hottentots of being afraid lest they should be shot,—after all our lenient and most indulgent treatment of them for so many years,—after the notorious tolerance of their infirmities, and copious rationing of their women and children, which the army regulations would allow in no other regiment but the Cape Corps, whereby it has become the most expensive in her Majesty's pay,—all this renders their case a very bad one.

These men had all partaken of the Holy Communion together the Sunday previous, and yet could make their escape to join banditti

who are waylaying the roads, and murdering in detail the European passers-by.

It is a very remarkable circumstance, that the teaching of the Independents appears to have produced in this land a re-enactment of those very scenes which were the fruit of their predominance in England two hundred years since: viz. as the Prayer-Book expresses it, "the turning religion into rebellion, and faith into faction." Our rebels, like Cromwell's soldiers, or worse, read their Bibles, pray, and even receive the Holy Communion to-day, when they are going to dedicate the morrow to rebellion and wayside murder. Their Bibles are constantly found in the bush with their ammunition, when a party of them is disturbed. The mystery will, I hope, be ripped up by the searching investigation of her Majesty's two Commissioners appointed for this purpose, Major Hogg and Captain Owen.

Sept. 12th.—Things are by no means wearing a better aspect, though the war has now been nine months in progress. The repulse of the large patrols, one in the Fish River Bush, and the other in the Water Kloof, the latter by the voluntary attack of the savages, who did not wait for Colonel Fordyce to fall upon them, has filled all hearts with dismay, and even made many doubt for the safety of Grahamstown. *The shooting and capture of some Hottentots*

and deserters from the Cape Corps (Colonel Somerset's old servants among the number) has put us in possession of information, which, if the voluntary confession of these men is to be trusted, is serious and alarming.

Meanwhile, the country is as "in the days of Shamgar the son of Anath, and as in the days of Jael, when the highways were unoccupied, and the inhabitants of villages" (farms) "ceased." For, except under a strong escort, no one can well presume to travel. The news from the Orange River sovereignty seems equally bad with that from the rest of the frontier. If God does not blind these hordes of savages, and prevent them from knowing their own power, the case of this country is a bad one.

Sept. 21st, St. Matthew's day.—This day was appointed to be kept through the Diocese,* as the third Jubilee of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*, and the result, as far as our Offertory collection was concerned at Grahamstown, I thought very favourable, nearly 17*l.* being gathered in the Morning and something additional at Evening Service. A good many, too, expressed their interest and their gratitude for what had been done by means of this Society, for the Colonial Church.

As soon as St. Matthew's day was passed, I was anxious to take the first opportunity of

* See the Society's Report for 1852, p. 1*v.*

quitting Grahamstown to proceed to Capetown, where the Bishop was about to hold a Synodical Meeting of all the Clergy who might be able to attend, previous to his departure for England, which was to take place as soon after Christmas-day as possible.

Accordingly, finding a Government wagon-escort proceeding to Port Elizabeth at the latter part of the same week, I sent for the only available horse I could get (an old one of the Bishop's, in very bad condition), both of my own being far off (one near Bloemfontein, and the other near Graaf Reinet, as I have related in a former part of my Journal), and I not being able to get them in consequence of the Kafir war. Having made the best arrangement I could, therefore, Jethrò, myself, and the lean pack-horse, started on Thursday the 25th, to walk to Capetown. Luckily, an escort with wagons could not travel very fast, and thus we were enabled to keep with them for the first seventy-six miles, which was all that we needed of their company and protection,—i. e. as far as the Sunday River. My horse had easy stages, and but for a gathering in his leg, would have improved in condition. I shall not relate the daily details of my march, being in so many respects like my previous journeys. The horse carried, as usual, my little patrol tent and provisions, and we purchased bread and eggs, and

occasionally one or two other little things, as well as forage, at the farm houses on the route, which were principally Dutch.

Our rate of travelling is about 150 miles a week, which if followed with constancy, will take you over 1,500 or 2,000 miles of ground, more rapidly, and to me more agreeably, and very much less expensively, than by any of the other modes of Cape travelling, that is, than riding a single horse, or going in a bullock-wagon.

We enjoyed the good-humoured company of the Fingoes, who kept in advance of the party; and I could but remark, amidst all the gloomy features of the war, this one which seemed to me cheering, that the Fingoes probably would be benefited by it, and they are the only people, as far as I can see, who have any chance of being so. These fellows, in the pay of the Government, are well clothed, well fed, well housed, (for they carry tents with them, to sleep in at night, instead of lying in the bush, as they have been accustomed to do), while numbers of them are also enriched by the plunder of captured cattle.

It is easy to tell, if a party of Burghers and Fingoes go out together on a foray, which portion of the attacking force will gather the most spoil, while the one party go expressly to fight, the other expressly to plunder. It is, however, *hard to think*, that after being accustomed to

European clothes and other decencies of life for so long, that these men will return precisely to their old habits and their old nakedness. Many of our escort, I thought, seemed to affect the dandy in their dress and accoutrements.

Their Captain, with whom I had some converse, belonged to a family who had been signalized by their misfortunes in Kafir warfare. The Rev. J. Heavyside, in his sermon on the Fast-day (February 7th), alluded to the fact of his having in a former war buried three generations of a single family in one grave, within a few days of each other. It was the family of this young man, whose father, grandfather, and brother had all met their fate at one stroke of butchery, Christmas 1835, whilst his mother and sister had escaped into the bush for refuge. They had all gone to keep Christmas at a farm belonging to the grandfather on the Fish River, and were mounting their wagons to return, when the Kafirs fell upon them and murdered the men. The women, and a little boy (the Fingo captain's brother), were suffered to run into the bush, from whence they afterwards walked on foot to Grahamstown, some twenty miles; but the shock of the horrible scene was too much for the boy, about ten years of age—he went out of his mind immediately, kept raving about Kafirs, and died in a few days. *Such are some of the private havocs of a Kafir war.*

Sept. 28th, Sunday.—I officiated at Sidbury, and then rode on Mr. Heavyside's pony, which had been left behind for me to overtake the wagons and my man and horse, at the Sunday River, which I did late the same night.

Here we quitted our escort, and I proceeded next day to Uitenhage. It was very hot, and we spent three or four hours on the banks of the Colga River, which, for the first time since I have been in the colony, I found running. Indeed, the Rev. P. W. Copeman, with whom I spent the greater part of the following day at Uitenhage, told me that he had a farm and cattle on the banks of the Colga, and that for three years there had not been water enough for the beasts to drink of it, though the course or bed of this river is some hundred miles long.

I had much discourse with the Rev. P. W. Copeman, about the prospects of future support to the clergy in the diocese; and he very reasonably defended his plan of farming for his support. He has been six years at Uitenhage. The people were to have raised 75*l.* a-year for his maintenance; the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* making it up to 100*l.*; and the Government adding another 100*l.*; but the total that he has received from the contributions of the people in that time (four years) is 25*l.*, *which was raised before he went there.*

As I proceeded from Uitenhage to the Long Kloof, I accidentally took the road which goes through Hankey, instead of that which goes by the Gamtoos River mouth. This is the headquarters of the *London Missionary Society* in South Africa, and a most lovely spot it is. A considerable number of natives are clustered around; and Dr. Phillips' son, whom I found in charge there, informed me that there are 700 acres under cultivation. The Missionaries have achieved an important piece of tunnelling, by which they get the benefit of two streams to fertilize the ground. The peach-trees were in full blossom, and looked very lovely. Mr. Phillips was very polite, foraged my horse, and regaled me with delicious oranges. He kindly set me on my journey, and put a basket of oranges into my horse's panniers, which I found very refreshing.

Oct. 5th.—I spent the Sunday at Dr. Buchan's, on the Kromme River; he seemed truly thankful to have a Clergyman with him, being far removed from any church. I officiated morning and afternoon at his house.

I turned out of my way to pay a visit to the Moravian Mission station, at Clarkson. This station is on the south side of the range of hills, which, commencing from the mouth of the Van Staden River, near Port Elizabeth, runs all the way to the mountain chain, which crosses it at

right angles, near Capetown. The station is in the country called the Zitsikamma, which was given to the Fingoes for a location when their settlement at Peddie was broken up, in consequence of Sir A. Stockenstrom coming into power, supported by Lord Glenelg, and relinquishing to the Kafirs all our territory on the east side of the Fish River. The Government at that time invited the Moravians to found a station for the Fingoes on this spot. But the land proving unsuitable, and the grass too sour, the Fingoes soon quitted it; and accordingly the station has never prospered. It is now chiefly composed of Mozambiques and other races, with a few Fingoes intermixed with them; the remaining Fingoes preferring to have their kraal at a distance.

There is the usual Moravian love of order perceptible here. I also found here some of the Moravian Missionaries from Enon, who had come away with part of their people, that station (on the banks of the Sunday River) not being thought safe from marauding Kafirs.

Oct. 12th. — Sunday morning, I reached Schoenberg, the farm of Mr. Richardson, from whom I received great kindness. My horse had been made ill two days before by eating green rye. Mr. Richardson took care of him for me, and lent me a horse of his own to carry my panniers on to George, where I arrived early

Saturday morning; having slept on the mountain top, and descended through the "Montague Pass" by the brilliant light of the early moon. As I had no idea what a magnificent piece of scenery and of road-work I was coming to, I doubly enjoyed the very glorious sight which this mountain pass afforded me. As a piece of road-work, I thought it quite wonderful for a young and impoverished country like this; it reminded me of the Alps and Austria.

I scarcely needed the excuse of the sick horse, which I had left behind at Mr. Richardson's, to persuade me to remain a few days at George. A walk of between three and four hundred miles had not tired me, but yet fitted me to enjoy a little rest; and my excellent friend, Archdeacon Welby, was one with whom I rejoiced to take counsel.

Indeed the Church work going on at George and in the neighbourhood, I look on as one of the brightest spots in our horizon. I could not but remember how, at the close of 1847, Archdeacon Welby, then recently returned from Canada, had visited our parish at Street, on a tour in behalf of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*,—how it fell out that the Bishop of Capetown was with me at the time,—and how Archdeacon (then Mr.) Welby seemed pleased with the prospects of the Church at the Cape; and how, when I parted from him the follow-

ing day, after the Diocesan Meeting at Wells, I observed, "Well! after all, perhaps we may some day sit under a palm-tree together in Africa." I could little expect that in four short years my vision could be thus agreeably realized. I count it a signal token of God's favour towards our infant Church, that he has thus put it into the heart of such a man as my brother Archdeacon, to devote himself to the work in this land.

No place could appear more unpromising than George, on his first arrival there two years and a half since; but things are now changed. I found a beautiful little church erected, and nicely fitted up, in which a very fair sized congregation worshipped, who took a real pride and pleasure in the building; and nothing, in the way of Church order and arrangement, so cheering as this has met my eye in South Africa.

Besides this I found a large coloured congregation,—mixed Mozambiques and Hottentots,—the first regular congregation we have had in communion with our Church, and all brought within the pale by their zealous Dutch instructor, Mr. Niepoth, a quondam office-bearer (a sort of deacon, I believe) of the Dutch Church at George, who in spite of opposition resolved to instruct, and, as he best could, procure baptism for his little flock. For all this he has *had to undergo* not only reviling, but worldly loss.

May the Lord reward him for it hereafter a hundred-fold! He has already had the pleasure of seeing his coloured flock stimulated into building by their own voluntary exertions, with very little of hired labour, and at little more than the cost of the materials, a very respectable building, to answer both as school and chapel.

On seeing what Mr. Niepoth's exertions have done at George, it is impossible not to remark with sorrow on the unaccountable neglect of the coloured population by the Dutch Church. Having the language which most of the coloured people in the Colony understand,—having the organization of an established Church throughout the Colony,—having ways and habits of dealing with these people which are more familiar to them than English manners,—having schoolmasters, clergy, clerks or deacons, throughout the length and breadth of the land,—it seems as if no barrier but their own neglect or their perverse antipathies had stood in their way to prevent the same thing which has been done at George, from being done in every Dutch parish throughout South Africa.

The feeble estate of the English Church heretofore, and the unacquaintance of the few English clergy with the Dutch language, may plead our excuse for the past; but if we continue now to *leave the work to the irregular zeal of dissenting*

Missionaries of every or any denomination, we shall soon become very largely partakers of this great reproach. May God avert it! It is pleasing at least to reflect, that we have now four labourers in this exclusive field of Missionary labour *within* the Colony.

In addition to this congregation of Mr. Niepoth's, Archdeacon Welby has under his parochial jurisdiction a coloured congregation, being instructed by a Deacon of the English Church at Schoenberg, the place named above, where I met such kindness from Mr. Richardson.

This gentleman's hearty inquiry; "Well! how does the work go on at Grahamstown?" from the lips of a Cape farmer, quite puzzled me, so little did I dare venture to expect a stranger would inquire from me about "the work of *the Church*." I soon found, however, that he had a real interest in it, that he looks after his coloured people, and cares for their spiritual as well as temporal wants, maintains a school with small assistance, and is preparing to build a small church on his own grounds, and near his house, for their and his benefit.

Oct. 15th.—After remaining at George till Wednesday, rejoicing in much family chat with Mrs. Welby, and comparing her domestic difficulties with those which Mrs. Merriman, with her young and rather less numerous family, has experienced, and sharpening my face by counsel

with my "brother George," as I could not help but style him, I then sent back to Schoenberg for my horse, and proceeded to Riversdale.

Oct. 19th, Sunday.—Here I was kindly entertained by Captain Rainier, who is another of those good Church-laymen that makes one take a more hopeful view of the state of things among us; as he has for some time, first, at his farm at Nethercourt, and now at Riversdale, where he has recently been appointed magistrate, maintained the Sunday services of the Church. He now acts under the Bishop's licence, receiving occasional Sunday visits from Mr. Baker at Swellendam, and he will, I hope, in a short time succeed in his endeavours in raising an English Church at Riversdale, and have a clergyman located with him. I found I had been at College with his brother, and knew well many of his old contemporaries at the Charterhouse.

The main event of any interest between Riversdale and Capetown, after that of a visit to, and very kind reception by, my old shipmates, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, at Swellendam, where I stopped a day,—was a little detour I made to Genadenthal, where I spent the greater part of Sunday the 26th.

Oct. 25th.—I halted the evening before at Nethercourt, Captain Rainier's former farm, and found his bailiff, a plain honest English labourer, *named Powell*, who had emigrated from Uffing-

ton, in the White Horse Vale, near Farringdon, a few years before. His Wiltshire tongue was music to my ear, and his plain primitive way of regarding things delighted me. I borrowed his horse and rode to Genadenthal by breakfast on Sunday morning. I was, as every one is, charmed with the spot, the men, and their work; and when one recollects all the difficulties which their founder experienced, the long interruption which the work met with from the jealous and godless tyranny of the Government of that day (the beginning of the last century), and witnesses now a village of several thousand inhabitants, each with his house and bit of ground in good condition, and finds workshops of all kinds (which, being Sunday, I did not see in operation), schools, and all the other civilizing elements of life, as well as numerous Sunday and week-day congregations worshipping God together,—the contrast between the wild native and the Genadenthal village is indeed striking. Many of the neighbouring farmers abuse the station, and think it does not turn out as many or as good labourers for their fields as it ought to do; and I was sorry to learn from the Missionaries, that, in spite of bygones, they regarded the Dutch as better friends to the station than the English. I was glad to see one or two Dutch boers at the morning service in their *chapel*, there being no Dutch church near.

I had a pleasant walk after dinner, and much conversation with the principal acting Missionary, Mr. Kolben. A wine-store, or canteen, had been recently set up, first, on the borders of the Genadenthal estate, which, as I rode by, seemed to me quite like a direct work of the devil, forming as it does such a temptation to the frail population close at hand : but, on further reflection, I could not but think that the population of this large village was in an unhealthy state, from the very absence of some of those temptations which try the stability of men's virtue.

They are, in fact, a set of children, carefully nursed and tended, whom, however, their parents cannot trust out of their sight without the most painful anxiety ; meanwhile much of evil goes on within the nursery itself, which escapes the parents' eye. On the whole, it seemed plain to me, that other elements were required to make a community what it should become than those that Genadenthal afforded ; a set of cottages, all exactly on a footing, watched over by a body of good men of another race, all as unlike themselves as could be, but just like each other, seemed to me to lack what is necessary to train man for anything like an advanced social state.

I stated my views on this head freely to the Missionary, saying, that the canteen might have its purifying as well as its demoralizing effects ; *and the absence of the inter-dependence*

of landlord and tenant, of squire and farmer and hired labourer, the absence of magistrate and constable, and other features which English country life presents, was, I thought, a hindrance to the development of any formed and settled character in their converts. He admitted most of this, and in reply to my inquiry, whether they would not like a magistrate resident among them, said, for his own part he should have no objection to it, if they could be sure of a moral man, and one who would work with them and not against them; but that of this they never could be sure; the Government would not give them the choice of an officer.

Of the services at their chapel, of which I attended two, (both in Dutch,) besides the baptism of five children, I am forced to acknowledge that they did not impress me so favourably as I had previously anticipated. Reading the Liturgy appeared to me to be a dry and formal task; all sat, reader and congregation; the Responses were read just in the same tone as the rest; and as soon as the last words were over, it was abruptly announced there would be a sermon at eleven, and we all instantly departed.

The baptism was performed by pouring the smallest possible quantity of water into the neck of the infants successively, where there appeared to be just room enough to insert the





lip of a silver vase, between the head-dress and body-clothes of the child.

One feature in the baptismal service struck me as beautiful. The presence of baptized children was recognised, as if witnesses to the service, by a question being put to them, and an answer returned by them, relative to the privileges they had acquired by being made members of Christ's Church.

I departed in the afternoon, much pleased by the kindness and courtesy of the worthy brethren, purposing, on my return from Capetown, to pay them a second visit, that I might survey their week-day as well as their Sunday operations.

On my return to Nethercourt, I held evening service with the Powells' family, and catechised their children. I found the kindness of Mrs. Powell had prepared me a supper of pigeons and some delicious potatoes; for although I carried my own provisions with me, she did not think it right I should depart without their entertaining me; and Powell said, if he had known I had been coming he would have killed either a pig or a sheep to greet me.

Oct. 27th.—I left them the following morning at daybreak, and passing through Caledon and Somerset, I reached the Bishop's hospitable residence near Capetown, in time for dinner, on *Wednesday, Oct. 29th*, just within five weeks

from leaving Grahamstown, which includes my small sojourns at George and Swellendam, and two little detours to Missionary stations on the road.

I was in high health and almost exuberant spirits, fostered by the kindness of the Bishop and Mrs. Gray, and by the remembrance of my long sojourn with all my family at Protea, just three years before, at our first landing in Africa.

As my doings and sayings at Protea were almost entirely connected with public (Church) matters, which have been published one way or another, I shall say but little of them, save that our Synodical Meeting was, I believe, a very happy omen for good to the Church in South Africa. The subjects we discussed were gravely and temperately canvassed; (*vide* "South African Magazine, January 1852;") and we parted from each other and our excellent Bishop refreshed in spirit, with much hopefulness for the future, though much carefulness for the present, especially those of us who had to bear the office of Commissary for the diocese, during the Bishop's absence in England.

To see my dear son grown and improved was a matter of special joy to me during this visit; and a few days after the Synod was over, I left again to march back to Grahamstown.

This time I varied my route, going by Paarl, Bains' Kloof, and Worcester, to Swellendam. *This new country interested me much, Paarl*

being one of the most beautiful that the Cape can boast of. It is a completely foreign looking village, full of vineyards. The painted and tiled walks in front of the houses, which are all Dutch, the tall oak avenues and clipped hedges, the people seemingly living outside their houses, all conspired to remind me of a foreign town on the continent of Europe.

At Wellington, a little way beyond Paarl, we halted, and talked with a coloured man, who had a wine-bottle in his hand. He complained of the dearness of wine,—said he had always two bottles a day to his allowance, but that it cost three-pence a bottle, and brandy, if the best, something like a shilling!

Bains' Kloof, of which I had heard much, is a fine pass, but far inferior in every way to the great Montague Pass through the mountains to George.

November 22d.—At Worcester, arriving on Saturday, I breakfasted with the Rev. M. Martine, but did not remain to pass the Sunday there, as I had a long march before me, intending to return by way of the Knysna to Port Elizabeth, where I had some Church business to transact, and yet designing to be home by Christmas.

Accordingly, I spent the two following Sundays in the Veldt, holding service with my man Jethro; and not being in my own Archdeaconry, I felt comforted by the quietness and

repose, rather than self-reproached by the inaction of these two Sundays.

Spending one day at George, I reached the Knysna on *Saturday, December 6th*. It was a great refreshment to me to see, not only the beauties of this most picturesque part of the country, but to greet again my own friends and shipmates the Andrewes, with whom I spent a couple of very pleasant days. Dr. A. has a very nice church completed on the east side of the Knysna, in which I officiated; and there is a beautiful little structure in progress on the west side. They have been fortunate in finding a good working stone, and in securing masons who understand and take an interest in their work. When completed, the church at Belvidere will, I think, be for some time the gem of church architecture in the colony.

I started at the beginning of the week on a toilsome march to regain the road in the Long Kloof, that being the only way of proceeding eastward by land from the Knysna. Mr. Sutherland and Dr. A. accompanied me part of the way through a vast forest, in which Mr. Sutherland has recently cut a road or track, communicating with the road which runs from Plettenburg Bay over the mountains to Aven-tuur. It was somewhat rainy, and the road very bad; and though I much admired the scenery, *I was not sorry to quit the dense mass of superb*

trees, which forms an invaluable storehouse of timber for all parts of the colony.

The mountains from George to Plattenburg Bay are more or less laden with the precious treasure of forest trees, part belonging to Government, part to private individuals.

Two years since, the portion of the forest near George took fire at a dry time of the year, and burnt for several days with a roaring and a conflagration truly awful. For nearly a week the people were in consternation lest the village of George should take fire. The roaring may be judged of by the force of the current of air (which the fire caused) being so strong as to root up several of the largest trees, although the scathed trunks of the giants stood forth and told their tale. I thought it wonderful to see how vegetation had seemed to recover its dominion, and to hide much of the deformities which the fire had occasioned.

We saw plenty of fresh traces of the elephant as we walked through the forest, and on arriving at a farm house, a few miles the other side, we halted near it for the night. Here it set in to rain, and confined us the whole of the following day, when we were glad to take refuge in the house of the old boer, who was a great elephant-shooter, and had divers tales to tell us of his sport.

It seems the elephant is only dangerous, when *unattacked*, on account of his shortness of sight.

If he can hear or smell you, he will get out of your way; but if you come upon him on a sudden, he is frightened, and therefore fierce and angry, and will rush after and kill you, if he can, thinking it best to forestall you lest you should do any mischief to him. To drop your coat or some garment in his way, if you have time, as he follows, seems the safest plan; he is so long expending his rage upon this, that you can meanwhile get out of his path.

Horses he especially hates. A well-authenticated story was told me of a Hottentot on horseback attacked by an elephant, who killed the horse, and would have done so by the man, but the nimble fellow clung to his foreleg, which so terrified the great brute, that he ran off crying out or snorting, with his trunk high in air, till the little "totty" watching a favourable spot, rolled off down a steep bank and escaped.

I had a wet week after this. It is the first time that I have been either impeded or seriously inconvenienced by the weather, in any of my journeys; and as it was, in spite of deep drifts in the Long Kloof and other impediments, I made an indifferently good week's march of it, crossing on Saturday afternoon, *December 13th*, the last drift of the Kromme which it was possible we could have waded, and arriving most happily at the farm of Mr. Meynier, son of the *old possessor of Protea*, who was of course known

to me, as I had seen him three years ago at Protea, on our first landing, and had moreover called and renewed my acquaintance as I walked down to Capetown two months before.

Thus I was assured of what I now stood in need of (for it still rained unrelentingly),—a hospitable reception; and truly thankful I was to find myself in the house of friends who could speak English better than their native tongue; instead of which I feared, an hour before, I should be shut up between the drift of a swollen stream, without food (we had exhausted our week's stock), and with plenty of wet clothes, to spend a dripping Sunday in the Veldt.

I was thankful, too, on Sunday to exercise my ministry, and to find that both the Mr. Meyniers (there were two brothers) were well acquainted with the formularies of our English Service, and that some of their servants, as well as themselves, understood English.

The afternoon turned out fine, and Mr. Meynier walked with me down to the river, to see their cattle swim through the drift, in returning home from their pasture, which they do, now that the river is swollen, twice a day, as a matter of course. The Hottentot herd swam through on a pony of Mr. Meynier's, and seemed to have no sort of alarm, though he himself could not swim a stroke. A calf belonging to one of the *cows* was on our side of the river, lower down

than the drift; when the cow perceived her calf, she made straight down the stream towards it, the rest of the herd following her, and she had nearly involved the whole lot, as well as herself, in an inextricable mass of reeds and sedge, when, by shouting and threatening, and driving the calf up stream, Mr. Meynier brought them safely to shore. This led him to tell me that a few days before, one of their calves, only two days old, had escaped unseen, and actually swam the drift with its mother, and had then been made to swim back again, and was very little the worse for the feat. What a helpless animal is man! not at two days, or two months, but at two years old! I do not know which of our domestic animals could at this age have performed the same besides a calf.

The following day, as my time was now drawing short, Mr. Meynier kindly undertook to put me through all the drifts of the Kromme, in his cart and four horses, and carry me on to a place from which, if the rain held up, as it had now begun to do, I might proceed in safety. The river had fortunately gone down a little during the night, but it was nervous work, with the water half-way up the body of the cart, and our fore-rider often swimming through the last drift, leading my packhorse with him. He declined, after he had got safely through, to come back *and hitch* on his horse to help us through.

We debated some time the propriety of making the attempt, as our horses would have had to swim, perhaps all at the same time; still Mr. Meynier thought they would get the cart through; but at last, listening to the earnest remonstrances of the Hottentot, he drove away over hill and dale to seek another drift which the man pronounced better.

On arriving there, he pronounced at first that we had changed from bad to worse; but he drove through gallantly, and, for nerve and skill in driving, I have never seen anything to equal the Dutch boer. We had scarce got to the other side when Mr. Meynier, whose legs had been under water up to his knees, fell off the cart, which had become slippery with the wet, but landing on his feet on a bank, he jumped up and took no harm. Had it happened when we were in the bed of the river among the big stones, I should never have expected to see him rise again.

He set me down at Essenboch, the place to which he had proposed to drive me, and I continued my walk, but in the evening came to the bank of another river (the Deep Riviere), which I must have gone round several miles to avoid. I tried the drift, but it was too deep and rapid: I could barely keep on my legs when up to my waist in the water; so we outspanned for the night, and when the moon rose at two, I got up

while Jethro slept, and went and had another try at the drift, but it would not do.

At sunrise he went down to examine, and found it sunk only a few inches ; so he took his gun, and went in search of game. While he was away, I determined to make another effort, and, leaving my clothes behind me at my tent, I waded through some parts of the stream in different places, and at last learning how to avail myself of the fluctuations in the strength of the current, I crossed in the same spot we had tried the evening before. I then re-crossed, and summoned my man to a saddling-up. I believe, to the day of his death he will count himself a fortunate man to have got through in safety. I was afraid to look round at him ; and he, seeing me go before, was ashamed not to follow. This was the last difficulty we encountered, as we crossed the Gamtoos river by a pont at the river's mouth.

December 18th.—I arrived at Port Elizabeth early Thursday morning. Here I summoned the committee of the new church they are proposing to erect, and at last they agreed to the Bishop's views of erecting a church whose accommodation should be rent free, but the seats appropriated.

We slept that night as soon as we could find water after crossing the Coega ; for that stream, which was so beautifully purling when I went down to Uitenhage after a long drought, was

now, after the heavy rain which had fallen in these parts, quite empty ; and we walked on for a hot and fatiguing hour, straining our eyes, and keeping our ears attentive, in the hope that we should either see or hear the delightful tokens of water in a thirsty land.

At last the friendly chirruping of frogs directed us to a vley, and right glad I was, after the fatigues of the town, at the thoughts of reposing again in the bush. But I had reckoned without my host that night and the following, which I spent on the banks of the Bushman's river, which, like the Coega, had little or no water in it, though it rained and thundered all night as we lay by its banks. Not a wink of sleep did I get from the persecuting myriads of mosquitos, which devoured my hands, legs, feet, and face, in a way that I have never experienced before. One or two in the tent we had been accustomed to think an infliction, particularly Jethro, who suffers most by them ; but now we had hundreds, or, I suppose, thousands.

Jethro slept through it, but I could not ; nor could I, in spite of the wet grass and puddles of water, find any place to bathe or cool my limbs when the sun rose on Sunday morning, though I was in the spot where, three years before, I had enjoyed my first African swim, while outspanning for the Sunday with my family, on our way up from Port Elizabeth to Grahamstown.

After breakfast I sent Jethro to search for the same bushes under which I had offered the prayers of the Church on the above occasion, being the first on which I had held Divine Service within the bounds of my Archdeaconry. Jethro, whose memory is pretty good in such matters, found the place, and we both withdrew there again for our matins.

The inn near the spot had, of course, been deserted since the war began, this Bushman's-river Poort being one of the most frequented places for Kafirs in the country. Yet Jethro and I slept alone on the river bank in perfect security. We knew at that time that the Kafirs had withdrawn from the colony; and, as we had only our packhorse worth their notice, they would not, if they had been in any force near, have thought it worth while to detach a marauding party to molest us, especially while the neighbouring cattle kraals held their treasures.

After service I walked a little distance on the road, and found to my surprise a company of soldiers (of the 12th), who had passed us in the morning on their way up to join their regiment. They had just come out from England, and had now outspanned very near us. Thus we had earthly guards enough near us in the night, though we were not aware of it. They had slept about three miles from where we were, *and now* I thought, as they were encamped so

near, they would be glad of my ministrations for an afternoon service.

On going up, I found the captain was asleep, and so entered into conversation with the men, who most of them came from Lancashire, and seemed a very hearty set of fellows, much way-worn, and scorched and foot-sore with their march up from the Bay so soon after landing from a voyage. They seemed glad to talk with one who knew their native places, and who could tell them something about the places they were going to, and the hardships they would have to experience.

After an hour and a half I returned again, and introduced myself to the captain, and told him my errand. But he threw cold water on it, and would not give me any encouragement in my wish to officiate, giving me a number of reasons, none of which I thought of much weight; but as he had the decision of the matter in his own hands, and I could not avail myself of the privilege I wished for, I bade him a good afternoon; and determining not to remain the night again in the same mosquito-haunted place, we saddled up, and proceeded to the top of the adjoining hill, where we knew there was a sufficient shelter for us, and some open ground.

Here we held afternoon service, and went *early to rest*, but the mosquitos again attacked

us; and long before day-break, thinking it better to get up and proceed than to lie still and grumble, we clapped on our panniers in the dark, and went on to Sidbury.

Here we remained to breakfast with Mr. Henchman, having first partaken of the refreshment of early morning prayer in a consecrated church, half of which, however, was filled up with boxes and furniture, giving melancholy tokens of the state of warfare, into the thick of which we were now plunging.

Dec. 22d.—On the evening of the same day, we reached Grahamstown, and found all well in my household, from which I had now been absent three months all but three days.

I shall now add a few words upon the casualties or other matters which struck me on the road.

First, I have observed how very little I have been impeded in any of my journeys by the weather. I have now to be very thankful that I was so little inconvenienced by an amount of rain during the last ten days of my walk, which cost the loss of both life and property to several others. Two melancholy cases of drowning occurred during the week I was in the Long Kloof; both, I believe, of men going like myself to meet some part of their family by Christmas; whereas the worst I experienced was an *occasional* detention till the road was dry enough to

foot it, and my little tent dry enough to roll up. My wet days, also, had the advantage of making me more familiar with the interior of several Boers' families: for it has been my habit of late, since my first walking journey to Colesberg, to keep at a respectful distance from the house by which I outspan for the night, only sending up my servant, who speaks Dutch very tolerably, to purchase forage, eggs, bread, or any other necessary I might require; and I must say that, on these terms of independence, I have found the Dutch people remarkably kind and obliging: often presenting me with little things which they thought would be acceptable, as butter, milk for our coffee, or cooked meat; and very frequently Mynheer would come down to the water side and press me to come up to the house, which I always declined.

I am constrained to say, that I think the Dutch very much kinder to strangers than English people: the latter, when they knew me, put no bounds to their civility; but as I got westward, I found I could not take the same liberty of off-saddling near an Englishman's house, that I could near a Dutchman's. If the former sees you at a quarter of a mile's distance by his water-side, he seems to forget that he is no longer in an enclosed country, where game laws and trespass laws have made everybody *jealous of encroachment*; but he rushes out

with angry countenance, and wants to know what brings you there, and why you do not go elsewhere. Not so the Dutchman, who either welcomes you, or at the most comes and tells you, he hopes you will take care that your horse does not get upon "the land," that is, among the standing corn, which is never *enclosed* here as it is in England.

South African travelling, at least to a man of mean condition, or one who goes incognito, would be intolerable, if we had nothing but English landowners, and as few inns as the country now affords.

My rainy days, as I observed, took me, in spite of myself, inside several Dutch houses; and I must confess, arriving wet as I did, I felt it convenient to be at my ease, and stump about like Mynheer and his sons, without either shoes or stockings in-doors or out, and to feel that I was giving no offence by sitting down to breakfast or dinner in this guise. This free and easy life is very well for a change; and at one time I could almost persuade myself, that a shirt and a pair of leather trowsers, with a felt hat, (which is the Boer's wet-day costume,) contained all the necessary articles of clothing a man could require.

I learnt also to modify much my ideas of Dutch harshness towards the coloured people *who serve them*. It may be true that, if not

restrained by law, they would often inflict severe corporal chastisement on their servants, and it is true that they seem *generally* to disregard the duty of providing them any Christian instruction; but it is also true that there is much kindness exercised towards them, in a way that English masters and mistresses seem incapable of; and I have ceased to wonder at the preference which coloured people frequently show for living in service with Dutch people rather than English. There is less of awful distance kept up between the parties in one case than the other. The Dutchman will allow the coloured man to have all his relations and belongings come and live with him, which an Englishman rarely will. Moreover, he acts peremptorily, but speaks kindly and less haughtily to the natives than an English gentleman is used to do to his inferiors; nor has he, like the latter, any drawing-room in which himself and his wife are secluded. They all live (family, and to a great extent servants too) in the great "fore-house;" there sits the vrow, usually with a coloured woman occupied in some domestic work, in the same apartment; the coloured woman has always her baby, and sometimes two, and I have even seen three, children besides, playing about in the room. If the baby cries, the vrow will perhaps send one of her *own children* to nurse it; whatever dainties

the Dutch children have to amuse or keep them quiet between meals, the little blackies, if present, participate in on equal terms. Yet I could easily tell tales, which might carry weight if repeated at Exeter Hall, about divers slaps and opprobrious words which I have witnessed an angry Noie (mistress) bestow occasionally on these little creatures. What farmer's wife does not get in a pet sometimes ?

As to the coloured people that I fell in with, in the way of intercourse, on the road, I have some pleasing instances of politeness and kindness to record. At the Busseljagt River, Jethro, with some little difficulty, coaxed a black man to sell us a bundle of forage ; he was afraid we should think it too dear, he could not let it go for less than sixpence ! Poor fellow, we should readily have given him double if he had asked it. Then when I begged him to sell us a piece of bread, as ours was almost exhausted and we were going to breakfast there, he replied he had not a whole loaf to sell us, but would gladly give us part of one. We accepted his kindness ; to have refused would have hurt him ; and I have rarely tasted bread which I thought sweeter, than that which I ate as the free gift of the poor African black.

On another occasion, when walking over a very dry Karroo, not far from Worcester, a *black*, who had a little hovel in the mountains,

where he kept a few sheep and cows, took us to his hut and refreshed us, and, what was of more consequence, our horse; for, having no forage, his wife gave us some of the dry wheat with which she fed her fowls, and then made us some coffee, and gave us both sweet and sour milk, as much as we could drink. We, of course, gave him a present of money, as he made us no charge; but I believe he would have been quite content with two or three charges of gunpowder, which Jethro gave him, to shoot a wild cat which plagued his fowls.

Another native, a Hottentot, who overtook us on the way to the Knysna, and accompanied us late in the evening to the Great Zwart River, whipped off his nether garments without a word from me, and presented me his back to carry me through the stream. This I declined, telling him I had already waded so many rivers, that this one, though broad and deepish, was nothing. He immediately dashed into the water, waded through and back again, and then came to show me exactly the water-mark on his body, and said he would go before me to show me the best course to take in crossing. This was at the very time when the Hottentots were beginning to be an object of alarm in the western provinces as well as the eastern.

I have mentioned the numerous rivers and

deep drifts which I crossed in this journey no less than ten or eleven times, between George and the Knysna, which is nothing more than one day's journey on horseback. In this respect the western province near the coast is far different to our dry eastern province; and, really, the names of the rivers are occasionally rather uninviting in a wet season.

Thus, after the day's rain which detained me on the verge of the Knysna forest, the Boer informed me in two hours I should come to the "Kwai" or *Fierce* river, and I should be very lucky if it did not take me off my legs. Then the "Black" river, and the "Broad" river, and the "Deep" river, and the "Snake" river, and the "Stink" river, and a few other characteristic names, hold out anything but agreeable prospects to the pedestrian who has to cross them or lie on their banks; but the Kromme, or Crooked river, I found worst of all, as I have narrated above.

The "Snake" river, I should say, is only so named, I believe, from its tortuous course; but, like the "Stink" river, the water is so brack as to be unwholesome. The water of the latter, from which we made coffee for our breakfast, quite upset me; and having then nothing but dry bread and coffee, without milk, for our fare, had I not obtained some eggs that evening, *which* we had tried in vain to procure all the

week, as the hens were sitting, I believe I should have been quite ill.

Although the Snake River produced us no snakes, we carried on unknowingly one of these creatures, a "schaap steeker," or sheep-biter, in our panniers from the sandy banks of the Breede. We did not discover him till Jethro came to pack the panniers, after our breakfast outspan the following day, when he was soon despatched. Thankful we were that neither of us had been bitten.

Another averted mischance I will record, for which I had cause to be thankful. The day I walked into Riversdale, I bruised or sprained my leg, but thought little of it, especially as the next day was Sunday, when it would get a rest. But on proceeding on Monday, it became very painful. I could not afford to lay it by, and walked on to Swellendam, using no remedy but cold water to bathe it. Here Mr. Baker recommended me what seemed the best water treatment, cold whilst walking, and hot when at rest; but the pain continued, and increased after leaving Swellendam, till on off-saddling, as it seemed too presumptuously, near an Englishman's house, a few miles east of Caledon, after the disagreeable explanations had been gone through, and his English kindness had begun to show itself, it came on to rain heavily, and *detained me by his house half the following day.*

This was the wettest night we spent, for we pitched our tent in the dark in a very bad spot, and some of the pegs gave way, which caused one end of the tent to fall down, so that, had it not been for a good kaross, which shut in a warm steam round my body, I should have felt very cold, as the mountains beside us were covered with snow in the morning.

But it was not an ill wind which blew nobody good; for at daybreak I repaired to the Englishman's house, sat by his kitchen fire till breakfast, and when the rain was over, before I departed, his wife gave me some buchu leaves steeped in vinegar (the buchu is a very common plant in that neighbourhood), and recommended me to apply it to my leg. I did so shortly after limping away from the house, and from that time experienced no farther inconvenience whatever, though the swelling in my leg did not subside till I reached Capetown.

I only parted from my tent once during this journey, and took to the open air at night, and then we had such a beautiful balmy air, (though it thundered, and a few drops of rain fell at sundown,) and had moreover such a splendid fire of drift-wood, being on the bank of the Great Zwart River, that I felt if all nights could be spent like this one, a tent would be only a useless incumbrance. However, as it is, I should be very sorry to go many days' journey without

a tent in the moister climate of the western province, whatever I might do in the Karroo.

I have said nothing about scenery; but I very much admired the bushy country between Van Stadens River and the Gamtoos, which, next to the Knysna, I think I prefer to all that I passed, as I thought the road from Port Elizabeth to within a few miles of Van Stadens the most dreary and uninviting spot I have anywhere seen in the colony.

The exquisite flowers in the Long Kloof and George district charmed me exceedingly. My pleasure in looking at them was only alloyed by the remembrance of how much keener and purer a sense of enjoyment I used to derive from these beneficent works of God's hand when a child, a boy, and very young man. But I suppose all who engage in any part of the serious, practical business of life, have the same decay of their first pleasures to lament. Milton's personified description is very just; it is "*retired leisure* that in trim gardens takes his pleasure;" and I have often in later days reconciled myself to my entire neglect of the flower-garden, in which I used to take such delight, on this score. I own, as I walked into my own garden on my return, I was more delighted to see the Indian corn and pumpkins looking well and vigorous, than if I had seen the best bulbs of the Long Kloof, or shrubs of the George

bush, or bavians and orchises of the Outenigueland, flowering there.

I was greatly concerned, however, to be told on my arrival at Grahamstown, that since that time twelvemonth as many as twelve hundred men, and from forty to fifty officers, had been killed or wounded in the Kafir and Hottentot rebellion, a sum greater than all the other wars put together could show, besides the loss of Colonel Fordyce, which in itself would be a great misfortune.

Thus God has brought us to the close of another year, and our Christmas, like preceding ones, is tintured with sorrow, though we have much to be thankful for. Especially have I cause to bless His name for the safety of all my belongings, and the health and happiness of at least the junior members of my family. My youngest boy I am afraid of admiring too much, and for my little girls, I seem to see none like them. On Christmas-day they all said to me the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, and the day following the whole of Parnell's Hermit. This, I told them, especially the former, was the best Christmas-box they could give me.

The Bishop's yearly Pastoral was read the Sunday before I arrived. The day of fasting and humiliation was observed as appointed. Christmas-eve being the anniversary of the *breaking out* of the war, our offertory collection



KAFIR HUT IN ARCHDEACON MERRIMAN'S GARDEN.

for the sufferers by the war was good on that day, as was the collection for the sick and needy on Christmas-day.

The Pastoral contained at its conclusion the following striking words:—

“It remains only that I entreat you to acknowledge God’s hand and fatherly correction in the chastisements with which the land has been visited during the last few years, and is now afflicted. Ever since I have known it, trouble has come upon trouble in rapid succession. War,—rebellion,—political commotion, — anarchy, —drought, — locusts, — scarceness, and consequent ruin to many,—have been our sad lot. These are God’s scourges for our sins: they have befallen us, not, indeed, as some would represent, for our oppression or injustice to our present enemies. There is, I rejoice to think, no sufficient ground for this wicked accusation. I firmly believe that both Kafirs and Hottentots have, as regards our political relations towards them, been justly and even mercifully dealt by, and that there has been a real desire and endeavour to do them good. Where we have failed in our duty to the heathen has been in the little effort we have made, each in our separate spheres, and amidst our own dependents, for their instruction and conversion.

“*For this it may be, as well as for our other*

manifold shortcomings and sins, our 'bitterness; and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking,' God suffers them to be 'scourges in our side and thorns in our eyes.' Let us confess our sins, let us acknowledge that we have fallen short of our obligations as Christians in the sight of the heathen. Let us strive to be what we have never yet fully been, living witnesses for Christ in this land of darkness and of sin; and it may be that God will be gracious unto us, and withdraw His judgments, and visit us again with the favour of His love. Amen."

1852. *January*.—The year at its commencement found me laid up on the sofa, where I remained many days, unable to put my foot to the ground, and suffering part of the time great pain. The exact nature of the injury I do not know, but the inflammation fixed upon a very trifling graze that I had given to my foot just before arriving at Grahamstown: my health was excellent, my blood in capital condition, a cut which I gave my hand on Christmas night having healed very readily, so that my scourge sent to me on this part of my body, which I had lately been exercising with so much vigour, was the more remarkable. Here was the strong man, just off his walk of fourteen hundred miles, crawling about his own house like an infant on all-fours; the man of hardy

frame, with his nerves so shattered by pain and sleeplessness, that he could hardly refrain from crying and sobbing like a child. Truly it would be a humiliating thought to myself did I not hope and believe it was to my profit, "though no chastening seemeth for the present to be joyous, but grievous."

January 4th.—Word came in to-day of the death of Major Wilmot in the Fish River bush: a severe blow, which will be felt almost as much as that of Colonel Fordyce, who fell at least in a much more enviable way.

On the following day, *January 5th, Monday*, I heard of the murder of two men by Kafirs on Quagga Flat, about half-a-dozen miles from the place where Jethro and I had slept alone on the night of December 20th. I have heard no particulars yet, but we are told that that part is now full of Kafirs.

January 24th.—I accompanied Mr. Waters to his district in Albany, in order to celebrate the Communion on the Sunday following at Lombard's Post and Reit Fontein. Mr. Waters brought with him (I had started in advance) two Cape Corps soldiers as an escort, till we had passed the most dangerous part of the road. I found, however, that there was either a much greater sense of security, or greater apathy to danger, than on my last visit. Most of the farms were being re-occupied, and the works of

husbandry had gone on with some vigour : thus I was not necessitated, as before, to sleep in either of the fortified camps, the farm-house in which Mr. Waters resided having a company of Fingo levies assigned to it for the protection of the adjoining country ; but this greater dispersion of the inhabitants, I suppose, thinned our congregations ; we had few communicants at either place.

I had to leave a gentle rebuke at one farm at which we held service, the owner having presented himself to receive the Holy Communion without coat or waistcoat, but in his shirt-sleeves. I had noticed him do this once before on a former visit, but thinking it was some casual forgetfulness, had overlooked it at that time. My reproof was now well taken, and I do not think the slovenly act will be repeated.

These insignificant matters are of more consequence in a Colony where the free-and-easy predominates so largely, and all kinds of reverence and respect are little regarded.

Instead of the tales from the farmers of their various losses, I had this time the more painful accounts of the inhumanity engendered towards the coloured people, arising out of the Burgher campaigns. Cases of persons killed in cold blood, when, from wounds or want of arms, unable to do mischief, are always sickening in *the recital*. Of these there were several.

We slept on Sunday night at the Kowie Mouth (Mr. Cocks'), and proceeded next day to Bathurst. This was the first time I had been to Bathurst since the war commenced.

I was sorry to find the church in great confusion. It was not only made a sleeping place for several persons, but one family lived and ate in it. Other families had with much more propriety erected Fingo huts round the church, and I now requested this family to do the same, using it still as a sleeping place or store-house for their valuables, but not as a kitchen, scullery, pantry, and all. To this they assented, and I directed the Churchwardens to see that they fulfilled their promise.

I returned the following day by the Clumber and Weigh Platz's road, the usual road being considered unsafe.

A few days before Quinquagesima Sunday, I set off in company with Mrs. Merriman on horseback to Port Elizabeth, where I intended to spend the first part of our season of Lent, and to establish some increased services in the Church at that place. My children were already there in a cottage I had taken for them at Fishery Point.

By a singular inattention, caused by joining a young Dutchman whom we overtook on the road, we missed the path, and got on the new track, which avoids Sidbury, the place at which

we had designed to sleep, and at sundown we found ourselves in a bushy kloof, not far from the Bushman's River. Here we were compelled to pass the night, in a spot which a few months before would have been highly dangerous, and was not now over safe. It was a very warm night, and thundered and lightened and rained violently, which made the shelter of some deserted huts very acceptable, otherwise the heat would have made the open air and a bed on the ground more refreshing.

By daybreak, however, we were again in our saddles, (we had fortunately brought from home some provisions with us,) and the following day arrived at our destination. Having enjoyed a good bathe in the Sunday River, near its mouth, and sleeping again in our clothes, in a new-constructed plank-house near the drift, Mrs. Merriman was less fatigued than I expected after a ride of near a hundred miles.

I found the church at Port Elizabeth much brushed up in appearance since my former sojourn there. The velvet altar cloth, pede cloth, and red baize window cover, with black poppy heads, together with a rich pulpit hanging, and new bronze chandeliers, looked as if the people took an interest in having the interior of their church nice; but the party-coloured and figured linings to many of the pews, and the *miserably* poor communion plate, showed a

least that taste in these matters had not yet taken its best direction.

We had full service twice on February 25th, Ash Wednesday, (the Rev. Mr. Heavyside, the Colonial Chaplain of Grahamstown, sailed this day for England,) and once on each Wednesday and Friday following, with a sermon on Friday evenings; and I attended three days the first week, and two days the following week, at the vestry, for the purpose of conversing with all who might come to me there.

I left the following week, conscious that if my visit had not been of so much service to the place as I could have wished, I had endeavoured to do something to awaken the very dormant Church in that town, and leave an impress of the season in some faint degree congenial to its holy character. While there, all hearts were damped by the sad tidings of the loss of the Birkenhead steamer, which went down with 400 men and a large amount of Government stores on board. We returned home riding as before, but sleeping on our road at night at Sidbury, arriving at an empty house, March 12th.

Our services at Grahamstown during Passion-week were well attended.

I was obliged, after Easter, (*April 11th*.) to defer my intended visit to the Sovereignty, in consequence of having to make two journeys

to Fort Beaufort; the Rev. Mr. Willshire, of that parish, being desirous to make an exchange with the Rev. Mr. Henchman, of Sidbury; and as I thought this change likely to be attended with much benefit to the Church, I was glad to promote it.

My journeys had nothing of special interest in them, beyond the strangeness of the cavalcade, with which, for security's sake, we were obliged to move. I set out with a hundred wagons, chiefly loaded with commissariat stores; these with their usual accompaniments, and above a thousand head of slaughter cattle, sheep and oxen, going to the troops, together with the Fingo escort, several of their wives, and not a few of their cows and calves, made a pretty large caravan. Yet so straggling was our route, (we were never all together except at night,) that had the Kafirs attacked us, some portion of our numerous host would have fallen, I think, an easy prey. Neither the Fingoes nor their officers, I observed, carried any tents, as they do on the Bay Road, but all slept contentedly—albeit the nights were pretty cold—in the open air. I confess the mornings dawned to me most welcome, after this discipline, which I am too chilly to be very fond of. My companions made no complaints, though their blankets were quite wet with the dew, which I, by sleeping *under a wagon*, had nearly avoided. On one

occasion, three hyenas, or wolves as they are here called, came prowling so close around us, that one was shot very near the wagons.

I had much conversation with the shooter, and one or two other farmers from the country, who accompanied us either to or from Beaufort. They told me several tales of the unaccountable folly and ingratitude of Hottentot servants in joining the rebellion after seventeen, twenty, or even more years of service, in the family of one master. They also related cases of these same Hottentots having left their service at different intervals, carrying off with them small herds of goats, which they had managed to accumulate in their masters' employ, and going to settle at the Kat River; but returning again within a twelvemonth quite penniless and destitute, and declaring that they could not prevent their idle countrymen from crowding round them and eating up the substance for which they had laboured. Some of these men had set fire to their masters' dwelling with their own hands.

Of course a comparison between the state of this race, under Dutch and English domination, was freely canvassed. There is much to be said on both sides, as there is about the negroes in the West Indies, in comparing their days of slavery with their present lot; but I at once waive all other points of comparison, and inquire *how many more of them now are Christians*;

and though, after the exaggerated account of Missionaries, a disappointing remnant only be found of Christians in deed as well as word, yet I believe even that remnant far exceeds in number the nominal professors of Christianity among the Hottentots of former generations under Dutch rule.

I was glad, however, to balance this seeming disparagement of Christianity or Missionary zeal among the Dutch, by pointing out to my companions what had apparently not struck them before, that the Dutch Church, by its *unity*, was able to promote the social well-being of the country, in founding new towns, which an English population of five times the amount cannot do, and seem in this land rarely to attempt, without a forced military expenditure, calling into activity most of the elements of which a town is constituted. To this latter cause King William's Town, Fort Beaufort, Fort Peddie, (the last two proclaiming their birth by the appendage of "Fort" to each of them,) and, in no small degree, Grahamstown itself, are indebted for their existence. Whereas the Dutch can point in the same brief space of time to the rise of Burghersdorp, Humansdorp, Colesberg, Bloemfontein, besides Riversdale in the west, and perhaps to many other places whose origin, and growth into a town or *village*, is *entirely* owing to the one Dutch

Church, to which all Dutchmen resort, and near to which aged Boers like to settle, without having their attention and their alms alike distracted, by maintaining several religious bodies as we English needs must do, even in such towns as Uitenhage, Somerset, and Cradock, where the Dutch Church still forms the principal religious feature of the place.

Would that this idea, of the value of unity in religious matters, could by any arguments, secular or spiritual, be forced upon the minds of our countrymen !

May 8th.—On my second visit to Beaufort, I found the new Governor just arriving from King William's Town, with several of his staff.

June.—At the beginning of June, I judged it necessary, in spite of the difficulties of travelling, which the war gave rise to, to commence a visitation of part at least of the parishes in my Archdeaconry, in order to receive the subscription of the new churchwardens to the prescribed declaration of office, and to give them their forms of presentment for the ensuing year. The difficulties I had encountered on this head at Grahamstown were now concluded.

June 3d.—Accordingly, on the Thursday in Whitsun-week, I walked out with Mr. Thomson to Mr. Carlisle's farm at Belmont, to bring in the horse (for forage had for a long time been too expensive to allow me to keep a

horse in my stable). On my way I called on Mr. Stokes, who had come in from the Bavian's River to sell off his property, that he might retire from the colony. It was with a sad feeling I went to bid him adieu, as he was among the early settlers who, now at an advanced period of life, was seeking a new home, and I had, moreover, been kindly treated more than once at his house during my journeys. Who can wonder that men who have so long borne the harassing of Kafir neighbours, should be anxious, while they have a little property left and their children's lives still unsacrificed, to get away from this land to spend the remainder of their days in peace?

We found Mr. Carlisle hard at work reaping his oats, unable to get hands to help him (though his farm is only four miles from town), for fear of the Kafirs; and for this oat hay he was to receive at Somerset the enormous price of twenty-two shillings a hundred lbs. weight, the ordinary price here about three years ago being three or four shillings. All these are sad tokens of the effect of war. (Note. At Cradock, this year, I paid twenty-eight shillings the hundred lbs.)

June 6th.—I rode down to Bathurst and officiated there on Trinity Sunday. At the inn on the way down (Roby's), I inquired if the road was safe, and was told, "Yes, if I made a *circuit* of six or eight miles, so as to keep in the

open." The man who told me this had his herd shot on the open veldt within a mile of his door, and within sight of his house, only a fortnight before. I had, however, a very safe and pleasant journey both in going and returning, save that I had about six miles of dense locusts to pass through, which were greedily devouring the remains of our winter grass.

I found the church at Bathurst purified: I found some improvement, too, in the Sunday-school, arising principally from the Wesleyan body having now a Sunday-school of their own, instead of sending all their little ones to the Church school.

On Monday I visited a sick man, in company with the Rev. Mr. Barrow, and we found that he had never been baptized: poor fellow! in the day of his health this had seemed of small consequence to him, but now he expressed with tears his wish to have the want supplied.

The day after my return from Bathurst, as I found Mr. Hart's horse wagon going to Somerset, I availed myself of the joint opportunity of an escort which Mr. Hart and the post afforded me, and started on horseback for that place, the road being far too dangerous to allow me to foot it as heretofore, with my pack-horse, tent, &c. It was not till after a ride of near sixty miles the first day, that I came up with *the wagon*, which had started in the middle

of the night before me. I was compelled, though my horse was thin and poor, to ride with the post till I overtook the wagon, as they had my kombarse, or blanket, with them, and the nights were far too cold to remain in the bush without extra covering, and the farm-houses on the road were almost all deserted.

I found the party at last lying by a good fire, which I felt for some time to be very refreshing, but at last the frost was so keen that I could not keep myself warm enough for a nap. I felt, however, ashamed to grumble, as I had an old man of seventy-five lying on one side of me, next the ground, and his son-in-law, of about fifty, on the other, and each seemed to have bad coughs, which I afterwards learnt that that night's campaign had not improved.

Their wagon went on when the moon rose, an hour or two after midnight, and I remained with one fellow-traveller, who kindly lent me his blanket while he kept watch. I found him, however, at sunrise snoring very loudly in spite of the cold and the absence of his blanket.

An hour after, a company of Fingoes, whom we had left at the drift by the little Fish River, overtook us, and as they were going to Somerset, to escort cattle back to Grahamstown, we found the protection of their company, which we had calculated upon, very serviceable. Our first approach towards each other—neither party

being sure who the other was—was at first anxiously, though afterwards ludicrously, suspicious: but we had each our strong reasons for misgivings. My companion had tokens of the enemy being near while on his watch; and some of the Fingoes had seen me, unobserved, as I went down to the neighbouring vley, to look for our horses, and, as I had my blanket over my shoulders, mistook me for a Hottentot. Moreover, the Fingo officer (white man) apprised us that, the day before, a large party of rebel Hottentots had attacked some wagons at the Commadagga, on a part of the road very near to that on which we were then travelling. Whilst joining in our breakfast, and chatting over our mutual suspicions of each other, the officer told me that one of the Fingoes, during that bitterly cold night, sleeping like ourselves in the bush, had thrown out the measles thickly, but he now preferred marching on with the rest to remaining behind with a companion to take care of him.

At Somerset I found, as I have always done, a cheering tone prevailing on Church matters. Though they have only the Government school-room as yet in which to meet for worship, they do not neglect week-day Services, but on Litany-days and Saints'-days a small congregation gathers together at an early hour. We had a *meeting* to discuss the most desirable way of

commencing their future church: they had sent me a plan on what seemed the plainest and most economical style for a durable stone building, but after getting the expense very carefully calculated by the Royal Engineers at Grahams-town, we found that it was full half as much again as their funds would be likely to meet, and the question now was, whether it would not be better even to sacrifice the assistance to be drawn from the Church Building funds at the Bishop's disposal, and the grant from the *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge* also, than to embark in any work which would certainly leave them heavily in debt. It was generally agreed that it would be best to raise an humble temporary church with the funds at their disposal, and leave the commencement of a good stone edifice till a future day. In this more honest but less ambitious mode of proceeding I heartily acquiesced; but as the Kafir war rendered the price of materials and labour, even for a temporary building, nearly double their usual value, it was agreed to defer the ultimate decision upon the point a little longer.

I was fortunate in finding at Somerset Mr. W. Curry, of whose hospitality I had more than once partaken, while on his farm at the Fish River: he was, as I have noticed in a former part of my Journal, among the earliest of the

trekking farmers, and had his sheep now on a place between Somerset and Graaf Reinet.

After preaching on Sunday,* on Jesus as the Good Shepherd, I rode with Mr. Curry, reaching the first day his temporary hut among the sheep kraals, and, the second day, another substantial sheep-farmer's on the Tanjesberg, and the third day into Graaf Reinet. My short sojourn among the sheep-farms was very interesting to me; it seemed to bring out in a lively way many of the topics I had treated of in my sermon. Mr. Curry's brother, a lad of scarce seventeen, had been sent into the mountains for some months, like another David, with the sole charge of a very large troop of sheep which he had to count daily; he seemed really to love the animals, from the way in which he talked of them. The first inquiry Mr. Curry made, on alighting from his horse, was of course on the state of the flock, and he thought it good news to hear that not more than three were missing since his absence of a few days at Somerset. One lamb had been killed and eaten by a Hottentot in the neighbouring bush the night before: they had discovered him by his fire, but the fellow had managed to escape them. At the next place a lamb was brought in, which had strayed from the flock and been torn by a jackal; it was doubtful whether he would recover, as his *throat was so affected he could scarcely swallow.*

At the same spot, "my sheep hear my voice" was curiously illustrated; the master, Mr. Veitch, ran along by the flock, calling Ba-ba, when a ram from the middle of the flock separated himself from the rest and ran after Mr. Veitch, who fondled him and talked to him as Polyphemus might have done to his woolly friend; he also told me that in his pure flock of several hundreds, he knew each sheep by its countenance. Jacob's complaint, of being consumed by the drought by day and the frost by night, I had some little taste of on many occasions during this journey.

Mr. Curry kindly gave me up his bed in the little hut, his brother sleeping on the floor of the same, and he taking to his empty wagon. A wattled door had been made that day to the hut for the first time, not so much, I believe, for the sake of keeping out the cold at night, as the dogs: as however it was small, to keep out the frosty air, I was not sorry that the aperture was big enough to admit the dogs, a brace of whom struggled through, and one made himself and his warm coat very welcome at my feet. The dam in the morning was covered with a good coating of ice, though we had laid panting under the mimosa bushes where we off-saddled during the day.

It was a novelty to me, as I rode into Graaf Reinet, to have to tie my horse up with several

others to a fine orange-tree in the inn yard; the only stable, with its two stalls, in this the only inn in the large and comparatively ancient town of Graaf Reinet, being occupied by Dr. Innis, the Government Superintendent of Education, who was, like myself, on his rounds of inspection.

I had not much time to attend to the difficulties which here, as elsewhere, beset the Government school in its working. I found enough, in Church matters, to pain me much: their church, which had now been consecrated two years, had still its debt of 500*l.* upon it, the carpenter and mason were still unpaid, the uncollected subscriptions which had been set against their accounts were still not forthcoming. Mr. Heugh, the Churchwarden, had still a claim of 300*l.*

On going into church on Saturday afternoon, where I was to meet the Churchwardens, I found a man walking about the aisle with his hat on. I learnt that he was brother to the sexton, who was then engaged in the reading-pew, looking out the lessons. The sexton said, in reply to my remarks upon the impropriety, he had not observed his brother, but on coming out of the reading-pew, to quit the church, he put on his own hat, and when I met him in the aisle and asked him to take it off, he did not appear well pleased. His brother, in the mean-

time, had tossed his own into the font, and they evidently thought my observing upon these things was a piece of ultra particularity.

As my intention was to proceed from Graaf Reinet to Port Elizabeth, in hopes of meeting the Rev. Mr. White and my son John landing from the Capetown steamer, it was a real comfort to me finding a person riding the same way as myself. He was a retiring doctor, well provided with horses and food for the road, and well known to most of the Boers on the line, so that, instead of having to camp out with what provision I could make for myself at hap-hazard, without knowing much Dutch, and trusting only to finding wagon outspans at night, I was abundantly provided for, and performed my journey very pleasantly. I had greatly dreaded this solitary ride of two hundred miles, and now it seemed as if angels had been sent to minister to me.

At Uitenhage I heard that the steamer had arrived, and my son and Mr. White landed; so I turned off to Sidbury, where I spent Sunday, June 27th, arriving most fortunately and unexpectedly to supply the place of the Rev. Mr. Willshire, who was absent at Fort Beaufort. Mr. W. had recently effected an exchange of duties between himself and Mr. Henchman, which I hope may prove ultimately for the good of the Church at both places.

June 28th.—The following day I reached Grahamstown, and found Mr. White and my son John, the latter much grown, and greatly enjoying this return to the family after an absence of a year and a half at school, which to a lad of his age is a great deprivation, as well as to his parents.

Arriving at home, I looked back with astonishment on the fact that in nineteen days I had performed a journey of about four hundred and fifty miles with so poor and thin a horse as mine, and with a saddle of necessity so heavily laden, having my valise, kombarse, and kettle, besides myself. But having met with others riding on the same road, who lent me a horse from time to time while I led mine in hand, and having walked myself a good part of the way when alone, driving my horse along by my side, I was enabled to perform a journey which might have almost appeared otherwise incredible.

I feel that I have in this and all my journeys been very mercifully dealt with, and have great cause for thankfulness. Besides the attack on the wagons at the Commandagga, two other attacks, with murder, were made by the enemy during the time I was out, and either upon or very close to the road I was journeying, though in a part of the country deemed quite safe when I left home. This hateful war has, I fear, not yet expended all its mischief.

I will note, in conclusion, that when I arrived at Graaf Reinet, I found Mr. Murray, the Dutch minister of that town, gone to meet a number of Dutch ministers, and a large company of other people, who assembled to commence the establishment of a new town or village in the Rhenosterberg, at equal distances from Colesberg, Burghersdorp, and Richmond. Here is another instance of what I have remarked upon before, this superiority of the Dutch to ourselves in one at least of the great functions of social and civilized life, viz. the founding of towns, arising entirely from the strength and unity of their Church. Ten times the number of English, in consequence of their religious divisions, could not do what the Dutch so easily achieve.

A new town is agreed upon as desirable in a given district; the synod of the Dutch Church appoints a commission; a spot is chosen, the farm purchased (generally on very easy terms from a man anxious to do something for his Church), and a church is built; erven are marked out, and sold with conditions attached to them, securing the maintenance of the church. This is the centre of attraction; old Boers who have been a long way from the public ordinances of their religion readily come and settle round the church, and the remaining elements of town life, as trade or winkelling, a clergyman and a *magistrate* with government salaries, speedily follow.

I know of only one instance since the settlement of the English in 1820, where any attempt to found a town, except by military or government expenditure, has been made, or at least where the church formed to any extent a prominent feature, and that is at Sidbury; and a miserable contrast truly does that place form to any of the Dutch towns I have alluded to above.

Except Port Elizabeth, our only harbour, Salem, the Wesleyan village, with its boarding-school for ladies, and its mission-station of Farmerfield at a little distance from the village, seems on the whole the most successful attempt in this land to found, by the arts of peace or religion, what so often seems to demand the compulsory combinations and the expenditure of warfare to achieve. I do not know what proportion of the towns of Europe were originally camps or forts, but I fear the English towns of the Eastern Province of South Africa will prove to have been almost universally so.

July.—The month of July, during the sojourn of the Rev. Mr. White and my son John with us, proved bitterly cold, as did the following month of August; and I was not sorry on that account that my intended visit to the Sovereignty had been deferred, for I should probably have suffered much from cold on the road. I never remember to have suffered more in the house, *firewood being very dear.*

After seeing my son off from Port Elizabeth for Capetown, in company with Mr. Eedes, at the beginning of August, I paid a visit to Fort Beaufort and to Bathurst, spending a Sunday at each place, and receiving the churchwardens' declaration of office, and giving them presentment articles for the ensuing year. On my return to the latter place, finding my wife seriously ill, I again deferred my journey to the Sovereignty.

August.—In the last week of August General Somerset and family left Grahamstown for India, where he has an appointment in the Bombay Presidency. Balls and public dinners were given in testimony of respect for one, who, since the residence of the settlers in 1820, has occupied a prominent part on the frontier, and seen through several Kafir wars.

September 22d.—On Thursday, September 22d, I left home for a visitation of the Sovereignty and the northern parts of my Archdeaconry, which the continuance of the Kafir war had now prevented me from visiting for nearly two years. The danger of the first part of the road (as far as Cradock) was still an obstacle that made me dependent on the Government escort accompanying a train of wagons for the time of my departure.

Once before I had nearly started with a companion on horseback and an escorted train,

when a sudden illness of Mrs. Merriman prevented me. Now I was just preparing a second time, when I learnt that a new commandant was proceeding to Bloemfontein, and would be happy to allow me room in his wagon to put my things, and also to ride in my company.

One cause, however, and another soon made me discover that I must prepare to make myself independent of aid and companionship. The major's baggage did not come into Grahamstown in time; he preferred riding more rapidly to Cradock than with the wagon train; and the company of ten Jews, returning from their annual Fast of the Atonement, seemed to promise him this opportunity.

Accordingly, I left Grahamstown alone, to overtake the train, which had gone half a day in advance. I had carriage for my few things to Cradock, and so was only on horseback. I was not without hope of picking up, at a farm one day's journey from Cradock, my old horse "Dangola," which had escaped from me while on my way to Graaf Reinet two years and a half before.

But for this hope, the prospect of my journey seemed rather desolate: near a thousand miles lay before me, and, save to Cradock, I had now neither servant nor companion but my faithful steed. My English lad, Jethro, had gone into the employ of the commissariat, pre-

vious to sailing for Australia to join his father. My quondam coloured companion, Wilhelm, was afraid and reluctant to undertake the journey, so I prepared my kit in such a way that I could after passing Cradock put it on my horse's back on the riding saddle, and lead him or walk by his side and drive him.

I took, instead of my former tent, a much smaller one, made by Mrs. Merriman and Miss Short out of three yards of sheeting calico, with twelve pegs of iron wire the thickness of a ramrod, and propped at each end by an umbrella stick, which made it just high enough to creep under for shelter at night. This, wrapped up in my kombarse and blanket sack, was very portable; and a basket holding my own food, with a bag containing a little grain to give my horse at night, together with a very limited supply of clothing, did not make a heavy burden for my beast, so soon as I should have to part company with the wagons.

The first night I met with a very friendly entertainment from the officer in command at Niemand's Kraal, who stopped me as I rode by with the wagons, and gave me a dinner, and a lion's skin to sleep on. I had only seen him once before for a few minutes at Fort Brown; but he was an Eton man and a gentleman. He accompanied me next morning through the *dangerous De Bruin Poort*, to rejoin the wagons.

At our evening outspan, when we mustered in full, I found that we were a most heterogeneous assemblage. Besides the European carriers and captain of the Fingo escort, there were several Cradock tradesmen come with their wives and families; one Scotch storekeeper, a great rattle; one Wesleyan minister, of a superior cast, who had been in Scotch orders, and educated at a Scotch university; one Scotch trader from the interior; and out of all this assemblage, only one family that owned any sort of partial allegiance to the Church of England. Amongst this family was an aged woman, who deemed it a privilege that I would go and offer my evening devotions with them at their wagon before retiring to rest.

The miscellaneous nature of our caravan was a matter of no concern at first, and I retired early to my little tent under a bush; but as we were detained for four days on that spot by continued rain, it behoved us to learn how to harmonise with each other, which, I must declare, we managed admirably. Fortunately, perhaps, my clothes and provisions, all except my tent (which after the first night I gave up the use of), were left in a wagon, which had not overtaken us, but, sticking with three others in the drift of the Fish River, had remained near its bank.

Thus I was driven, without choice of my

own, upon the hospitality of the Scotch trader in iron and skins, who, being a wealthy man and an aged man, and having two wagons of his own, was the virtual chief and patriarch of our party, for the carriers accommodated themselves in every way to him. An awning, stretched between his two wagons, with cut bushes and sail-cloth fencing us round from the wind, and a trench dug to carry off the streams caused by the rain, was the shelter to which all the unmarried men of the party resorted during our stay. He had abundant stores of meat, coffee, and sugar; and never was Scotch hospitality more freely bestowed, or more thankfully enjoyed.

We talked freely; and two or three of them offered me contributions towards the new church they understood I was intending to build at Grahamstown, though I told them it was a compliment I never could return to them.

At last Saturday night came, and it was plain we should not be able to move the following day. Our host with a proper delicacy intimated that the Scotch Wesleyan would officiate for them on the morrow, while I went to my poor congregation of three in the Churchman's wagon. But after a bit I summoned courage, and took up my parable, telling them that though a stiff Churchman, who could not forego any of my principles, I thought it was a scandal *in the sight* of the heathen, as well as a disgrace

to ourselves, that an isolated party of Christians, close to the bush where lurked so many Kafirs, and with a host of Fingo protectors round us, should exhibit our hateful religious disunion by worshipping God in separate congregations on the morrow. I could not forego the use of those prayers which bound me in spirit to my fellow Churchmen in Africa, in England, and all over the world; but if they would all join me in our Church prayers, I would gladly give up the office of preaching, which they thought so highly of, to my Wesleyan brother; only let us form one, and not two congregations, on the morrow.

They applauded my discourse, and to a man assented; when the Wesleyan minister, thanking me, said he would at once hand over the European congregation to me, and, as he could talk Dutch, and had a good Kafir interpreter besides, he would assemble the Fingoes and Hottentots under a bush, and conduct service with them. This was accordingly agreed to, and so the knot of a very difficult and delicate matter was amicably cut through.

As it fell out, however, it poured so incessantly the whole of Sunday that we could hold no public service at all, and I lay the whole day ensconced in a wool-bag, which served as bed, bedroom, and all; for when I drew in my head, *I was quite in a prophet's chamber of my own.*

On Monday afternoon, September 20th, we at length "trekked" up the Fish River, and a very trying pull it was to the oxen and their drivers and masters. For the first time, I saw an ox in a fury run at a man, one of our carriers; and I must do him the justice to say, he never struck the animal, or resented it in any way, though, but for his nimbleness, it might have cost him dear; but he patiently went on coaxing and driving till he surmounted the difficulty. On the top, however, I heard him soliloquize, "I wonder whether Job ever drove a span of bullocks up such a hill!" I told him, at all events, Job had had many a span of camels, if not oxen, stolen by Kafirs.

After three days more we arrived at Cradock, some of us riding on, a day in advance of the wagons. The length of time my journey thus far had occupied contrasted much with my previous visits to Cradock on foot, when not above half the time had been expended on the way.

Luckily for one object I had in view, I arrived just as the Boers were beginning to assemble for the quarterly *Nachtmahl* (communion) of their Church. This enabled me to prosecute my inquiries, and to learn the exact farm on which my lost steed was running. It was no little surprise to me at first to see so many Dutch farmers' wives cantering into town astride on men's saddles, but I soon became

used to the sight; and I must say, they managed by tying them to keep down their petticoats in a marvellous way.

I assisted the Rev. Mr. Gray in the service on Sunday, and, of course, was not surprised to find that the war had prevented them from going on with their church-building. The church congregation was not large, but they seemed to have a very hearty regard and respect for their minister.

After meeting and conferring with their church committee on the following day, I persuaded Mr. Gray, whose confinement with his pupils seemed to be injuring his health, to go to Burghersdorp to keep my appointment there on the following Sunday, which would leave me more time to go out and look for my horse, from whence I might return and supply his place at Cradock on the Sunday during his absence. He gladly assented, and dismissed his school, (the fees of which, I should say, after his own small clerical salary is made up, are all devoted to the Church Building Fund,) and we went on our respective ways.

After a ride of near fifty miles, I found the farm and a set of most uncouth beings on it. Their rude diet and slovenliness I did not much mind; but their churlish way, when the horse was brought in by mid-day the following day, *so lame that he could with difficulty put one of*

his feet to the ground, (the effect apparently of hard riding and neglect on a recent *commando*, in which I was glad to hear that he had been serving his Queen and country,) vexed me not a little. I could get no advice how to act, though I believe if his hoof had been properly cut he might have travelled. I could not talk Dutch enough to complain very intelligibly, were I so tempted; so giving the old woman, to whom the farm belonged, a sovereign for keeping him on her place, I begged her to let him stay till I sent for him again, and wrote meanwhile to an English farmer near, to ask him to see to the poor beast and get him doctored.

I returned, somewhat disconsolate, to Mr. Gray's lonely quarters at Cradock; and, after Sunday, was not sorry to escape from the responsibilities of such housekeeping, where I had only a hulking Fingo woman to aid or encumber me, the extent of whose abilities were to light the kitchen fire, boil the kettle, and milk the goats.

On Monday, accordingly, I took to the Veldt in earnest, throwing my things across my horse, and sallying forth on my lonely week's walk of near 150 miles, to the banks of the Orange River, at Aliwal North, *alias* Buffels Vley.

On the second night my horse got away, breaking loose from the tree to which I had tied him for the night; and after hunting him

for above an hour before daylight, at length, by the aid of a Dutchman, I picked up his "spoor," and followed him back seven miles along the road which I had come the day before. I found him near a farm where I had purchased a bundle of forage for him the previous afternoon. I was not over willing to approach this place; for, on the day preceding, a fierce dog had jumped out at me, and springing at my throat had fixed his teeth into my breast, and tore my clothes all down, but luckily without injuring me. However, the misdemeanour of the dog, in the absence of his master the preceding day, ensured me a very kind reception that morning when the master was at home: he gave me breakfast, put a fresh rein on my horse, lent me a saddle to ride him back, and would take no remuneration. He was a refugee farmer, a Scotchman from the Kaga.

This lost me half a day when I could ill spare it; and the heat was very oppressive, and the locusts were ravaging the grass; but I managed the rest of my journey that week very well, save that the smell of dead oxen (there were a hundred dead on one farm near the Stormberg, where it had snowed during the time we had rain at the Fish River) almost made me ill.

October 17th.—I arrived early on Sunday morning at Buffels Vley; and it was soon notified to the English residents that I would

hold service there. The room at Mr. Buller's house could not contain the congregation. In the afternoon I baptized three children, and had a favourable opportunity of speaking upon the nature of sponsorship, which I hope would not prove unprofitable, as it arose out of the expressed scruples of some parties present to the office.

At sunset I took a most refreshing swim in the Orange River, which is here 275 yards broad, and then went to bed and soon fell into a sound sleep, which I much required, for I had wound up my long week's walk from Cradock by wandering through the Veldt, having lost my way for a good part of Saturday night, and scarcely gaining admittance at last to a Boer's house as the moon was setting.

I must say, in vindication of his hospitality, that as soon as he was waked up from his lair, to which he had retired under the influence of a glass too much, he was very kind, staggering himself into the field with a sickle to cut my horse some green forage, and insisting on his wife making me a couch. She had been up like a notable housewife, after all the family were gone to bed, washing her house over with South African paint (*i. e.* cow-dung) for the ensuing Sunday; and very angry the poor body was at my unseasonable arrival, and did her best to drive me from the door. But it was too serious

a matter,—as I had left my tent and clothes behind with a wagon that I accidentally found that afternoon at the Stormberg Spruit,—to spend the remainder of a cold night in the Veldt, very thinly clad by reason of the dog having torn my walking clothes. So I laid aside my shyness and persisted in seeking admittance, till the Boer came to my relief against the wrath of his vrow.

On Monday I called a meeting, and we devised measures, which I trust may prove successful, for placing a catechist schoolmaster among them, who might, under the Bishop's licence, conduct the weekly services of the Church. On Monday afternoon I left for Bloemfontein; Mr. and Mrs. Buller of the inn having treated me with much hospitality, and declining to receive anything for my board and lodging.

A day and a half's walking brought me to Smithfield, where I was surprised to see a life and activity to which the place was quite a stranger on my former visit. The hospitality of Mr. Vowe, the resident magistrate, refreshed me much; and he lent me a horse to carry my pack, while I rode my own animal into Bloemfontein, a hundred miles further to the north. I promised to return to them by Sunday, November 2d, and they were to see what *their exertions* could do towards building a

church and maintaining a clergyman against my return.

Thus I had a more agreeable and less fatiguing journey than on the preceding week. It is easier to look after and take care of two horses in the veldt than one, as they are not so much given to stray.

One night only I was driven out of my tent by violent thunder and rain, during which, while securing the horses, I got thoroughly wet through, and was glad to take refuge in a Boer's house, near which I had encamped. They were very kind, making me a fire in a different part of the house to dry my clothes, and leaving me to myself, which I enjoyed.

The following night the thunder and rain were even more violent, but I was housed at an Englishman's, a Mr. Young, whose kind and gentleman-like manners, and sound Churchman's piety, formed a contrast to much that I saw on my tour. I will mention, as it is characteristic of the country, that his farm is overrun with gnus and other game. Nearly the average of one of the former per diem is killed for food for his dependents. Their skins, if salted, I am sure would be valuable, but it is too far to send them to Port Elizabeth. Riems, and thatch-cord, and bags, and sledges, ~~are~~ ^{seem} the principal things they are used for; but hundreds of skins, and thousands of horns, ~~are~~

entirely wasted, and cover the Veldt in all directions. Whilst at Mr. Young's, I tasted some of the boiled and dried locusts which the natives were preparing for their food, but found them anything but palatable.

Arriving at Bloemfontein on Saturday, October 23d, I was delighted to get letters from home, and find all were well. I spent ten days, with two Sundays, at the Rev. Mr. Steabler's, and had about fifteen communicants on the second Sunday. It was with a heavy heart that I reflected, it was now two years since either minister or people (Mr. Steabler is only in deacon's orders) had had this privilege held out to them; but, on the other hand, the accession of some of the communion, who had not communicated at my former visit, cheered me much. Among these were the ex-resident magistrate, and the new civil commissioner; disappointment in the one case, and success in the other, seemed to have cast a mellowed and more religious tone over both. I saw a good deal of each of them; indeed the latter drove me out on my departure the first thirty miles of my journey.

The officers of the garrison were very polite and friendly. One took charge of my horses during my sojourn. Major Kyle, the new commandant, who had arrived *en route* at Cradock before I left it, (being detained ten days at

Niemand's Kraal, waiting for his Jew companions, who never came up, having got into various scrapes at Grahamstown,) did not reach Bloemfontein till some days after my arrival. I told him at Cradock, that an officer with five fat horses could never keep pace with a pedestrian who led one thin horse,—and so it proved. My horse arrived in pretty good condition, while one of the five he left knocked up at Smithfield, where I saw it on my return.

I have mentioned that I found Smithfield bristling with a new life and activity. They had raised 60*l.* a-year for a clergyman, and nearly 300*l.* towards their church, since my visit a few days before. I had a cheering congregation, though very few communicants; and the meeting on Monday, though not numerously attended, at once showed by its tone, that the people of the district were in heart earnest in their desire to have an English Church and Clergyman settled among them. This Caledon River district, if it get over its political difficulties, with which the Sovereignty is surrounded, seems to bid fair to become one of the most flourishing parts of the colony. I spent four or five pleasant days among these people, whose friendliness, after their suspicion was got over, I have mentioned in the *Journal* of my former visit to this place. I was greatly cheered to think, that God seemed opening a

wide sphere of usefulness to our Church in the Sovereignty, before Sectarianism has fixed its hold among them.

I found that there was an increasing English population at Harrismith, and that the newly-appointed magistrate had once acted as Catechist under the Bishop of Nova Scotia, and was willing to do the same here. I should have gone on to visit the place, but I had to proceed westward to Richmond, and had I gone to Harrismith, I should have had a long wild journey to take, without any attendant. Moreover, the magistrate had only just gone there, and it was thought he would be removed to another sphere before his appointment was fully confirmed. This induced me to leave Harrismith for another Visitation, but I do so with an earnest hope that this and some other places may be ripe for the introduction of Church ministrations, should I be permitted to visit this land again.

Leaving Mr. Halse's hospitable abode at Old Smithfield, and the Bethulia Missionary Station, to which he had forwarded me on horseback, I now walked on to Colesberg, where I remained Sunday, November 14th. I found their church as I had left it two years before, unfinished, and just as the church at Bloemfontein is, waiting in *statu quo*, roofless for want of timber, the costly carriage of which from the Bay, at war prices, prevents the completion of the work.

I had some interesting individual work at Colesberg, as a conference with an estimable Wesleyan minister, who seeks ordination in our Church: another, with a most excellent lady whose husband turned Romanist a year or two since at Grahamstown. I saw also M. Arbousset, one of the Paris Missionaries to Moshesh's people; but I have spoken of these Missions in a former Journal, and so do not revert to them now.

The day before I reached Colesberg, I had occasion to diverge to a native Griqua village under young Adam Kok, to purchase a bundle of forage for my horse. Whilst he was eating, I heard the school-bell (a ploughshare suspended by a riem and struck by a little urchin with a stone). I repaired to the school and heard them go through their singing, and recitation of the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments, part of the Multiplication Table, &c. I wished my host of a preceding night had been there, whose bitterness against "school natives" I had stoutly combated. He, however, cited me numerous instances, and appealed to the Governor's proclamation which lay before us, wherein it appeared that out of the few notorious ring-leaders of the Hottentot rebellion whom the Governor excepts from his terms of mercy, two at least had been teachers at the Mission Station of *Kat River* and elsewhere. I thought if he could

have been with me now, his prejudices might have been softened, though how far the present orderly appearance of the school depended on their expectation of their predikant from Philipolis, who was to visit them that day, I could not tell. But I was soon doomed to a disappointment, for after school was over, on asking the price of my forage, an upgrown scholar of ripe years was sent to the adjoining field to inquire from Kok the owner. He came back saying, "a rix-dollar" (eighteen-pence): as this was three times the ordinary price, I asked if they would charge their own predikant the same when he arrived presently. The messenger only repeated that was what Kok said: I replied I would go to the field and pay him myself. I went accordingly, and on asking the price, he at once said, a shilling. Thus the school-taught messenger had tried to filch sixpence to put in his own pocket. I was mortified and disappointed, but reflected that the same thing might have taken place in an English or Irish school; though one naturally expects among a village of new converts, that Christianity should exhibit something more akin to the power it excited among the first Christians, making "him that stole to steal no more."

On *Monday, November 15th*, I left Colesberg to walk on to Richmond, but when within one

day's march of the latter place, I fell in with an hospitable Irishman, who, after entertaining me for the night, offered to forward me my things to Richmond by the post-cart, which was to pass his door the same evening. So I mounted my nag, taking only a pair of light saddle-bags, and leaving the rest of my goods stuffed into a sack in charge of my Irish host. I reached Richmond comfortably that evening, but the next morning had the mortification to find that my things had all been lost on the way by a tipsy driver.

I found Mr. Boon, our catechist, who had been sent to Richmond to open a school and read the Church Service on Sundays, still very desponding about the opposition he had met with, and the little encouragement he seemed to receive, owing to so many of the English having left the village. However, his school was pretty well filled with Dutch children, all of whom he had taught to read and spell in English very tolerably. I assented to the proposal of the Government Superintendent of Education in recommending the Bishop to remove him to another post (probably Aliwal North), where I think he may be more useful.

Having now lost my few goods, and being almost without incumbrances, though the post contractor had fortunately recovered for me the

canvas bag containing my little tent and kom-barse, I set out on horseback to return home *viâ* Graaf Reinet and Somerset.

My intention, however, was singularly frustrated; for on arriving on Saturday evening, after a fifty miles' ride, at the foot of the Old Berg, where I meant to spend the Sunday at an inn which I remembered was situated there (about twelve miles from Graaf Reinet), to my dismay the house was shut up; and thus with my tired horse, which had much extra weight besides myself, saddle-bags, and tent bag, I was forced to creep on towards the town, neither grass or forage being procurable where I was.

Fortunately, after a mile or two, I found a wagon outspanned, where I remained for the night, turning my horse loose among some coppice to graze, if he could find anything, and next morning rode into Graaf Reinet as the clock of the Dutch church struck eight. I determined to go to my inn, wash, dress, breakfast, and go to church like a private citizen. But meeting with a member of the Select Vestry, I learned that Mr. Long had not yet returned from Port Elizabeth, whither I had consented to his going for his wife's health, exchanging duties for a time with the Incumbent of that place. But between them they had managed to leave the church at Graaf Reinet unserved for four or five Sundays, and now it was going

to be closed again. I accordingly altered my purpose, and took the Service morning and afternoon. The following day, November 22, Mr. Long returned.

I rode home by the end of that week, having an additional horse as far as Somerset kindly lent me by Mr. Southey, who rode the first fifty miles with me. Great was my joy to find my family all well.

THE END.

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The Kafir, the Hottentot,

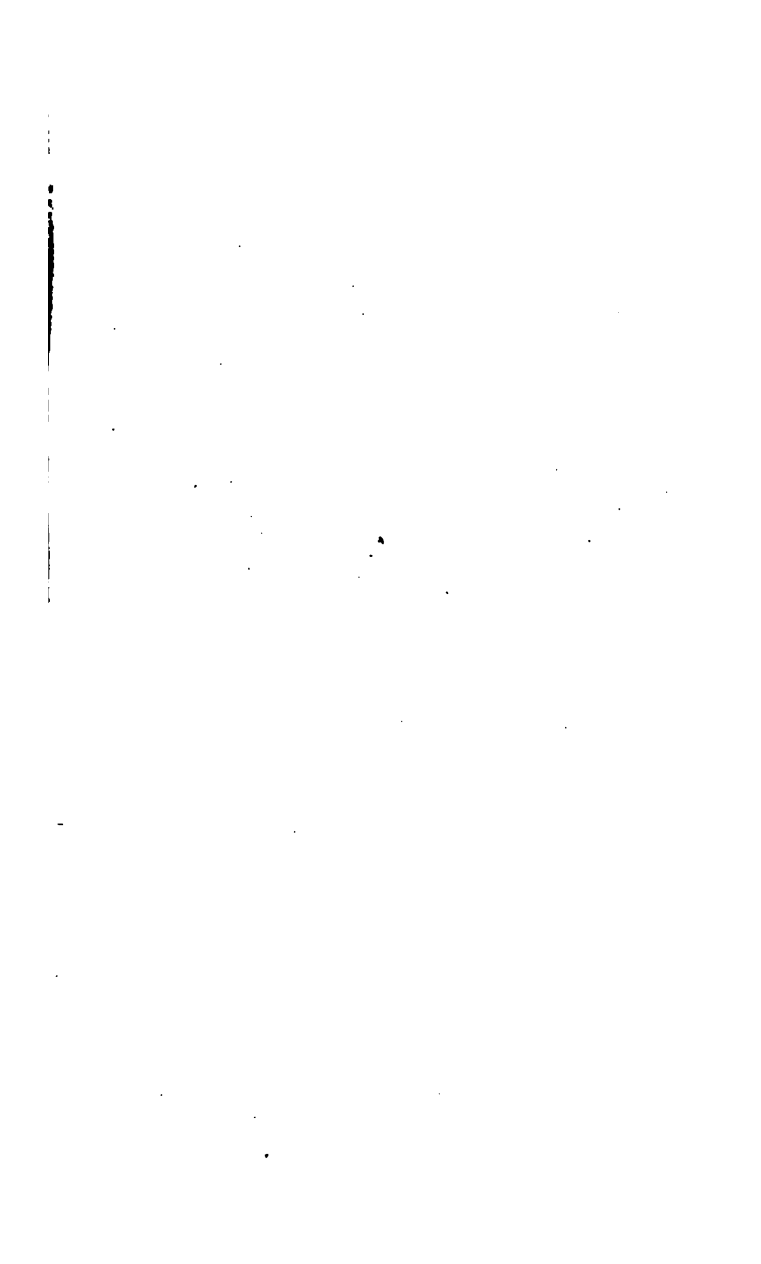
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Frontier Farmer:

Passages of Missionary Life from the Journal
of the Venerable Archdeacon Merriman.
1853.

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Number of hauls	<i>P. setiferus</i> (%)	<i>P. setiferus</i> + <i>P. setiferus</i> + <i>P. setiferus</i> (%)
1	80	20
2	75	25
3	70	30
4	65	35
5	60	40
6	55	45
7	50	50
8	45	55
9	40	60
10	10	90

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Age Group	Total	Female	Male	Non-Hispanic
18-24	100	95	5	90
25-34	75	70	5	65
35-44	50	45	5	40
45-54	25	20	5	15
55-64	10	10	5	5
65-74	5	5	5	5
75+	0	5	5	5

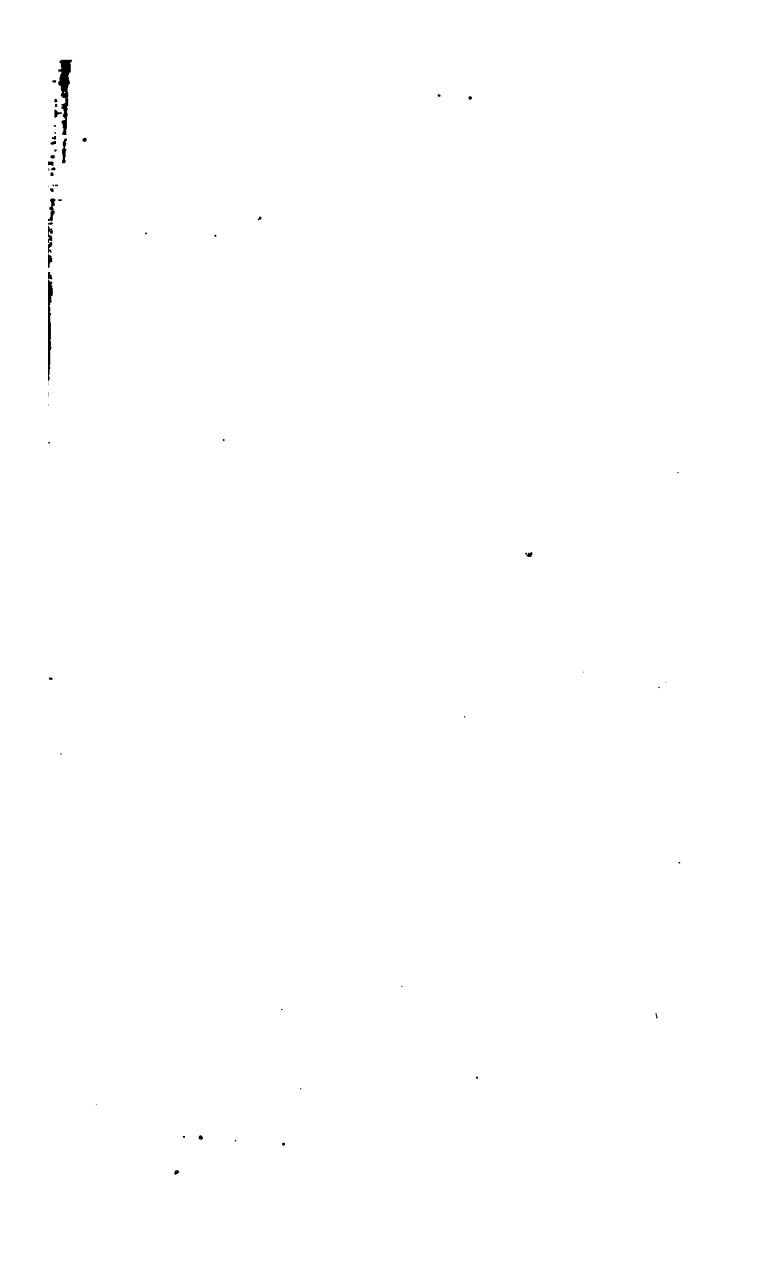
• *Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*, 1997, 36, 10, 1133-1140.

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It is not a contradiction, because the same person can be both a subject and an object of a relation, and the same relation can be both a subject and an object of a relation.

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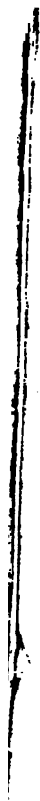
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Illustrations

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